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THE POETRY OF CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.
Second Collection.

WE GIVE in this number of the Semi-Monthly Magazine a second collection of the Poems of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, the author of 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'A Winter in the West,' 'Greyslaer,' etc. This accomplished writer, though he has produced many of the finest lyrical pieces in the English language, is but little known as a poet; and the collection of his effusions which we gave in a previous number of the Magazine, was the first that had been printed. The general praise which that compilation elicited from contemporary gazettes, and many letters from correspondents soliciting the presentation of other poems from the same pen, induced us to glean the old files in our office for every thing bearing his name or anonymous signatures, and the result is the following collection, which includes, we infer from the dates of some of the journals in which they originally appeared, a number of pieces written during Mr Hoffman's school-boy days, and probably now forgotten, even by himself. These poems need no apology in their own behalf; but being printed without the author's privity or consent, we have deemed it only justice to make the above statements respecting the time of their production, etc. lest they should all be looked upon as results of the poet's matured fancy and judgment.

The songs and other poems of Mr. Hoffman which we have previously published, with those which follow, would make a duodecimo volume of some two hundred pages, of which any writer might well be vain. We hope the poet will prepare a more perfect collection of them, than this of ours, for the press. By so doing he would add to his own and to the country's good reputation.

THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW-YORK.

He comes on the wings of the warm south-west
In the saffron hues of the sunbeam drest,
And lingers awhile on the placid bay,
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

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Then hies to the wharves, where the hawser binds
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,
Less firmly pencil'd against the sky;
And sports in the stiffened canvas there
Till its folds float out in the wooing air;
Then leaves these quellers of ocean's pride
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread;
And he turns him about to look wistfully back
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track;
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled,
The sea just peering the headlands through,
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,
And the thousand barks which scantly sweep
With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He loiters awhile on the springy ground,
To watch the children gambol around,
And thinks it hard that a touch from him
Cannot make the aged as limber of limb;
That he has no power to melt the rime,
The stubborn frost that is made by time;
And sighing, he leaves the urchins to play,
And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,
Of charms not yet by the poet told;
There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,
Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,
Such as of old on a festival day

Th' Italian nymphs were wont to wear.
And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,
And his pulses flutter in every limb,
As he gazed on many a beaming eye,
And many a form that fluted by,
With twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,
As he lounged the morning through;
He sprang the frozen gutters aleak,
For want of aught else to do;
And left them black as the libeller's ink,
To gurgie away to the sewer's sink.
He sees a beggar gaunt and grim
Arouse a miser's choler,
And he laughs while he melts the soul of him
To fling the wretch a dollar;
And he thinks how small a heaven 'twould take,
For a world of souls like his to make.

And now as the night falls chill and gray,
Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,
And his father the Sun has slunk away,
And left him alone to gas and gloom,
The Thaw-king steals in a vapor thin,
Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein
Music and mirth were gayly mingled;
And groups like hues in one bright flower,
Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled
Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,
And thrusts at a dandy's heart;
But the vest that is made by *Frost*, defies
The point of the Thaw-king's dart;
And the baffled spirit pettishly flies
On a pedant, to try his art;
But his aim is equally foiled by the dust-
y lore that envelopes the man of must.

And next he tries with a lover's sighs
To melt the heart of a belle;
But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,
Which shields that lady well.
And that waist! oh! that waist—it is one that you would
Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you could.

Her figure was fashioned tall and slim,
But with rounded bust and shapely limb;
And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,
And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,
Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore
When she blushed alone on the conscious shore,
The wandering Dardas' unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,
With her form of love, and her looks of light,
Till his spirits began to wane;
And his wits were put to rout,
And entering into a poet's brain,
He thawed these verses out:

'They are mockery all—these skies, these skies—
Their untroubled depths of blue—
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
Which seem so warm and true.
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through;
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too;
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which flowers spring to strew.'

ON A LADY WEeping IN CHURCH.

When tears from such as these bedew the cheek,
In scenes like this—'twould seem that heav'nly eyes,
The soft and glories of religion speak,
And claim the dew-drop from their kindred skies.

'Tis said that female saints of other days,
From grov'ling guilt could purge the foulest breast,
And teach the poor deluded wretch the ways
That lead to mansions of eternal rest.

And who could look upon thy heavenly face;
Nor feel his breast with sacred fervor glow;
While every tear that fell from thee would chase
Each thought that linked him to this world below.

If then one tear of thine—one murmured sigh,
Can tune the heart to sacred scenes like this;
Why doubt the power to lure the soul on high,
And lead it captive to the realms of bliss.

THE BOB-O'-LINKUM.

Thou vocal sprite—thou feathered troubadour!
In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature;
But, wise, as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
The school-boy best hath fixed thy nomenclature,
And poets, too, must call thee Bob O Linkum:

Say! art thou, long 'mid forest glooms benighted,
So glad to skim our laughing meadows over—
With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
It makes thee musical, thou airy rover?
Or are those buoyant notes the pillar'd treasure
Of fairy isles, which thou hast learnt to ravish
Of all the sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
And, Ariel like, again on men to lavish?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks;
Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges;
And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
They say, alike the song and plumage changes—
Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth,
And leafy June is shading rock and river,
Thou art unmatched, blithe warbler of the North,
When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

Joyous, yet tender—was that gush of song
Learned from the brooks, where 'mid its wild bow-
ers smiling,

The silent prairie listens all day long,
The only captive to such sweet beguiling;
Or did'st thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
And column'd aisles of western groves symphonious.
Learn from the tuneless woods, rare madrigals.
To make our flowering pastures here harmonious.

Caught'st thou thy carol from Ojibway maid,
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice plashing,
Crushing the ears from off the burdened blade,
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?
Or did the reeds of some savanna South,
Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,
The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing?

Unthrifty prodigal!—is no thought of ill
The cadence of thy roundelay disturbing ever?
Or doth each pulse in choiring sequence sull
Throb on in music till at rest forever?
Yet now in wildered maze of concord floating,
'Twould seem that glorious hymn to prolong,
Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a-doung,
And pause to listen to thy rapturous song?

FROM THE GERMAN.

By an Austrian officer on the eve of a duel.

Let no shroud wrap my corse when in combat I fall,
Nor o'er me shed the tear unavailing;
The flake of the flame shall alone be my pall,
And the crackling of faggots my wailing.

I would not my body should fatten the soil,
For the profit of man or his minions:
Ere I'd serve for the scapel's cold, butchering toil,
Let my flesh nerve the young eagle's pinions.

This heart once so warm, is now withered and seared,
In its spring all its verdure has perished;
Every being to whom it was ever endeared,
Has parted the ties that it cherished.

Let my corse be consumed, like the Roman's of old,
Ere decay and the worm have defaced it;
My race has been short, but my bearing was bold,
And my exit will not have disgraced it.

RHYMES TO HIS MUSE, BY A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

'Tis dull to sit from nine till six o'clock,
To watch for business as it chance to fall,
With nought—except when duns remorseless knock,
And on your speechless pockets vainly call.
To break the waveless tide of deep ennui,
That courses o'er the soul so sluggishly.
Yet when 'the breeze and beam-like thieves come in,
To steal one's thoughts from dusty books—
(A kind of larceny I deem not sin)
They will those thoughts to thee, my muse, convey;
For thou hast been, since first I erred in rhyme,
Felonious receiver of my stolen time.
But like the rest of thy dear sex—who never
My lavish'd homage did with smiles repay—
At least so seldom, I forget if ever
I've had one snug flirtation in my day—
Thou lady, hast me of my youth beguiled,
Nor yet upon my opening manhood smiled.
But who that e'er Love's witchery has known.
Can coldly look upon one radiant face,
Nor wish to call its heavenly smiles his own—
Its soul-lit features can with calmness trace
Can hear one angel voice of thrilling tone,
Nor trembling own their spell when'er alone.
And who that once, in dear delicious rhyme,
Hath voided sentiment, or vented spleen;
Or with its magic hath defrauded time
Of some bright hours, the weary waste between,
When first we wake to life and living pain,
Till when in death's cold arms we sleep again—
Who, that hath known the fascinating spell,
Thou, airy muse, canst round thy votary throw,
Would wish to break a charm he knows so well,
Can give the rainbow's hues to all below—
Can centre raptures in one thrilling stanza,
Worth all the power of Bourbon or Braganza.
Power! I've dreamt of thee! what boy has not?
Where beats the heart upon this curious ball,
Doomed in its sullen depths at last to rot,
That ne'er has leap'd at glory's clarion call—
That ne'er the restless burning wish has known,
To sway an empire or to *spurn* a throne?
But what proud mind—although ambition's weed
Will spring the rankest in the richest soil—
What manly mind, where jarring factions lead,
To despot Party would subjected, toil,
A servile hireling, or a wretched tool,
Where knave competes with knave, and fool with fool.
Alas! my country—must each patriot own
Thou need'st not prophetic bard, to sing—
That where dissension's dragon teeth are sown,
Fell Discord's armed myrmidons will spring;
That even now, thy consecrated earth,
Hallowed by freeman's tread, is giving birth
To slaves, who'd fire with fell destruction's brand
The Union's fabric—that Ephesian fane,
Where sovereign states, majestic columns stand,
Upholding each in colossian chain.
One mighty structure, one stupendous dome,
Freedom's proud temple, liberty's lest home.
But hold, this subject has been too well handled
By lusty Hayne, as Milo did a bull;
And Webster, who both bull and Milo dandled
Like babies in his arms, nor felt them full.
I'm sure, when I began, I never meant to
Touch upon this question, being one, content to
Light Fancy's torch at Hillhouse' chasteen'd fire,
From prurient Percival cull some flowrets yet,
Woo twilight strains from gentle Bryant's lyre,
Or with arch Halleck's piquant muse coquet—
Or else of my own brain become the drummer,
And beat out rhymes like these, on

'INDIAN SUMMER.'

'Light as Love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river,
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air she carols, faintly quiver,
The weeping willow, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its graceful foliage laving,
Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's branches shiver,
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

'I love thee, autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That gaily deck the slow decline of year.
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief—
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the win she pours her parting lay,
And wings her eager flight to summer climes away.

'Oh, nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my boyhood's were,
However cold my reckless heart may be,
To thee I still the same devotion bear.
In all life's changes yet my feelings will
To thee be true, as to his office still
Is he who fixed by right prescriptive there—
(Though even thou shouldst break thy wonted order)—
In every party change yet finds himself 'recorder.'

TO MADELINE—with a collection of verses.

A passing sigh, perhaps—perchance a sneer—
In all these lines, if ever read, may claim;
And the wild thoughts, so vainly written here,
A worldly mind, perhaps, will calmly name
The sickly record of 'a poet's flame.'

Yet, Lady, should you chance when years are fled,
Some hour when Memory from each burial-place
Gives up once more her long-forgotten dead,
Recalls the looks of each familiar face,
And in the heart renews each Time-worn trace—

At such an hour, when others claim the sigh
Remembrance gives to early times decay'd,
To hopes and fears now gone forever by,
To scenes in memory's twilight charms array'd,
And loves and friendships long ago betray'd

Should you then chance these faded lines to meet,
I know they will thy transient gaze arrest;
And he whose heart until it ceased to beat
Was thine, within thy pensive breast
Will claim one gentle thought among the rest.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

We'll quarrel not with Time to-day;
Thou art too young the elf to mind
Who steals thy girlish years away,
And leaves a woman's charms behind.
And I, though dealt with more severely,
About his thefts wont make a pother,
Who's schooled my heart to love thee dearly,
Yet love thee only as a brother.

And now, while I cannot help thinking
Life's perils did in number grow,
When first those dangerous eyes were winking
Upon it eighteen years ago,
I own, sweet Coz, in candid dealing,
Though safer—it had darker seemed,
If all their intellect and feeling
Upon the world had never beamed.

RHYMES.

'Tis sweet on summer eve to hear the notes,
Of music from some window, or the sound
Of woman's voice as in the air it floats,
And indistinctly sheds its charms around.

And by the half-raised sash some fairy face
Will lend its beauties to the twilight hour,
Like flowers that shut by day, the night will grace.
And ope their leaves beneath the dew drop's power.

To me 'tis sweet when evening shadows close,
Upon the stoop to smoke my 'Flint' segar,
There is a freedom in it and a calm repose
That modern fashion would too lightly mar.

Happy Albania! in thy walks are met
All that can sooth and sweeten life away;
Here may a mortal smoke in quiet yet,
And fade on sturgeon thro' the live-long day.

'Tis said that Albany attraction lacks
For strangers travelling the northern tour—
They blame our city too for high charged hacks,
And say its pavements are so devilish poor.

How wide they err who do advance the first,
It were an easy, idle task to prove,
Unless to one in scepticism nurst,
And stranger to the mighty power of love.

Where will he find who treads the world about
In search of beauty, as a bound hunts foxes,
More brilliant charms, e'en at an English 'rout,'
Than those which grace our lower-tier of boxes?

To me, O woman! thou wert ever a star
That claimed the constant worship of my thoughts;
But (changing the simile) like Malapar,
You paid my service off with marble notes.

I trust I may so call those chilling tones,
That freeze the incipient tricklings of the heart—
Belike the Gorgon's head that turned to stones
The wights who looked upon that petrifying part.

But to return, our city is not wanting
In charms for those who for themselves do cater,
Those busy persons who are always haunting
Retreats for eating, or 'retreats of Nature.

At twelve, at Meigs', I always drink my soda;
At four, I read at Cook's—and if fair weather,
Maugre the charms Moakley's new Pagoda,
I walk the Pier, worth all the rest together.

For him who loves the picturesque, the views
Upon the river are no little treat;
The one towards Bath I almost always choose,
When pointing out to strangers 'something sweet.'

The group of elms with graceful foliage bending,
The white-washed houses on the river side—
The distant hills with the horizon bleaching—
The sloop that idly dropping down the tide:

Her canvass brightened by the setting sun,
Who loath to leave his own illumined west,
Dies with his hues the wave he shines upon,
And gilds the clouds that cradle him to rest.

In such a tranquil scene are soothing charms,
That sweetly lull the morbid soul to rest,
Unless Dyspepsia beats the 'Bues' to arms,
Or impecunious thoughts distract the breast.

But when Jack Frost afflicts the shivering soul—
Wrapping with snowy 'Benjamin' Dame Nature,
And on the Pier I can no longer stroll,
I void my time upon the Legislature.

TO LOTHARIO.

Nay, look not coldly on me now,
It does not boot to bend thy brow
On one whose heart is chill;
That look is lost, that frown is vain,
Thou canst not touch the chord again
That answered at thy will.

And could'st thou loose the links of love,
That time between our souls had wove,
Nor weep at their decay?
Does early love so soon take wing?
Is it so fleeting, frail a thing;
So soon to pass away?

Thou did'st not feel thou did'st not know
The pang of blighted passion's throe,
The anguish, I have felt;
The jarring chaos of the mind,
The frenzied thoughts that there confin'd,
Within my bosom dwell.

But why these thoughts do I recall?
Why tell I ever loved at all?
Why kindle memory's sting?
This withered breast is cold and still;
It would not wake to rapture's thrill,
Though thou should'st touch the string.

Oh, trust not Love—the wayward boy,
But haste, if you'd detain him,
Ere time can beauty's bonds destroy,
Or other eyes and lips decoy
With Hymen to enchain him.

The humming-bird the blossom leaves
Whene'er its sweets are failing;
The silken web the spider weaves,
Yields up the prey to which she cleaves
When tempests are assailing.

And Love, when beauty's bloom decays
Will spread his fickle pinion,
And prove the web in which he plays,
Too weak against the rude world's ways
To hold the roving minion.

Then trust not Love—the wayward boy,
But haste, if you'd detain him,
Ere time can beauty's bonds destroy,
Or other eyes and lips decoy,
With Hymen to enchain him.

Would that I in words could render
Half my bosom feels for thee;
Love no language has so tender,
Friendship less sincerity.

Far from thee my spirits languish,
Near thee I can know no rest;
Thus forever gloom or anguish,
Shades my soul or wrings my breast.

Could my feelings find expression,
This is what to thee I'd tell—
Alas! perhaps this wild confession
Already speaks my soul too well.

RHYMES ON WEST-POINT.

I've trod thy mountain paths, thy valleys deep,
Through mazy thickets, and through tangled heath;
'Ve climbed thy piled-up rocks, from steep to steep,
And gazed with raptur on the scene beneath.

The noble plain that lies embosom'd there,
The jutting headlands in thy mimic bay—
The stream impatient of his curbed career,
Sweeping through mighty mountains far away,

His bosom burnished by the setting sun,
Who, loth to leave his own illumined west,
Dyes with his hues the wave he shines upon,
And gilds the clouds which cradle him to rest.

I love West-Point, and long could fondly dwell
On scenes which must thro' life my memory haunt,
But you, too, reader, have been there as well
As I, if not—you'd better take the jaunt.

You rise at six, and by half after ten
You're at the Point—I was when last I went—
You rest awhile at Cozens's and then
May stroll toward the upper Monument.

At two you dine—(you'll think it not too soon,
Being sharpest from the long morning's ramble)—
And to Fort Putnam in the afternoon,
O'er rocks and brushwood up, the mountain scramble

The view which this majestic height commands
Repay's the trouble of its rough access;
For he beholds, who on the rampart stands,
A scene of grandeur and of loveliness:

The chain of mountains, sweeping far away—
The white encampment spread beneath his feet—
The slope, slow dropping down the placid bay—
Her form reflected in its glassy sheet.

And where the river's banks less boldly swell,
Villas upon some sunny slope are seen;
And white huts buried in some wooded dell—
With chimnies peering through their leafy screen.

'Tis sweet to watch from hence at close of day,
While shadows lengthen on the mountain side—
The sunbeams steel from peak to peak away,
And white sails gleam along the dusky tide.

And sweet to woman's eye at evening hour,
The gay parade that animates the plain,
When martial music lends its kindling power,
To thrill the bosom with some stirring strain.

Who, when they to their gleaming ranks repair,
Delight to gaze upon the bright array
Of young, good-looking fellows marshal'd there
In sigeon-breasted coats of iron-gray.

For girls the glare of warlike pomp adore,
Since, cas'd in steel with lance and curtle ax on,
Bold Cœur de Lion led his knights to war,
Down to the days of Major General Jackson.

At night, when home returning, it is sweet,
While stars are twinkling in the fields above;
And whispering breezes in the foliage meet,
To move in such a scene with one we love.

To feel the spell of woman's witchery near,
And while the magic o'er our senses steals,
Believe the being whom we hold most dear,
As deeply as ourselves that moment feels;

* * * * *

The dolphin's hues are brightest while he dies,
The rainbow's glories in their birth decay,
And love's bright visions, like our autumn skies,
Will fade the soonest when they seem most gay.

In 'true love' now I am an arrant sceptic,
My heart's best music is forever hushed;
Perhaps because I'm thirty, and dyspeptic,
Perhaps my hopes were once too rudely crushed.

But to return—to those who are too poor,
Leaving their duns and business to a friend,
To take the northern or the eastern tour,
This short excursion I will recommend.

'Tis but two dollars and a day bestowed,
And far from town, its dust and busy strife,
You'll find the jaunt a pleasing episode
In the dull epic of a city life.

TO MISS N—O'F—Q.

You bend on me that lovely brow
As if you would rebuke me,
Because my careless looks avow
That I am quite as happy now
As ere thy smiles forsook me.

And where, you ask, is now the gloom
The air of seated sorrow,
Which tell the heart can from the tomb,
Its only hope of rest assume,
Its only solace borrow.

Let others every joy forsake,
Be moody and 'Byronic,'
But I, when bitter thoughts awake,
Sometimes a game of billiards take,
Sometimes I take a tonic.

I've had enough of sorrow too,
To make me sentimental,
But do not give my griefs to view,
For all parades I do eschew
But H. A.'s regimental.

And each has got some favorite ill,
Some 'pet grief' to employ him—
One, slighted love will cherish still,
The tailor's or the Tariff Bill,
Another let's annoy him.

O'er friends long in the cold earth laid,
Still sadly some will ponder;
Mid scenes of mirth, in smiles array'd,
The thoughts of some to hopes decay'd,
Will oft unbidden wander.

Some grieve, who long have vainly toiled,
O'er party power departed,
And mourn their hopes of office foiled,
And when her new 'cote-play's' soiled,
Another's broken hearted.

But I—should I but dare to think
On every cause for sadness,
My soul in deep despair would sink,
My frenzied mind o'erleap the brink
Of misery to madness—

And though the looks you vainly seek
Of one whose spirits languish,
The sunken eye, the pallid cheek,
The lips compress'd whose quiv'ring speak
Of deeply smothered anguish.

Yet Lady, rather than trace back
The hours despair hath haunted,
The burning steps in Memory's track,
I would my glass of 'Bramin' lack,
Or see Champagne decanted.

THE SUICIDE—A Fragment,

'Put out the light,' &c.—SHAKESPEARE.

He roamed, an Arab on life's desert waste—
Its waters fleeing when they seem most near—
Love's phantom leaving, when long vainly chas'd—
No aim to animate, no hope to cheer.

His was a heart where love, when once it sprung
With every feeling, would its tendrils twine;
And still it grew, though baffled, crushed, and wrung,
Rankly, as round an oak some noxious vine,

Within the poisonous folds of whose embrace
Withers each generous shoot that quickens there,
Till the proud features we no more can trace,
Which once that noble stem was wont to wear.

And Time passed on—Time who joy and grief
Bears on his tireless wings alike away,
As storms the bursting bud and withered leaf
Will sweep together from the fragile spray.

Her form matured, with all its girlish grace,
A woman's softer, full proportions wore;
And none could look upon that radiant face,
And not the soul enthroned there adore.

Her eye was bright, or should a thought of him
Its laughing lustre for a moment shade,
'Twas but a passing cloud which could not dim
The buoyant spirit in its beams that played.

And others bowed where he before had knelt,
And she to one, who even at such a shrine
Could only feign what he alone had felt,
Did the rich guerdon of her heart resign.

She loved him for—for God knows what—'tis true
In Fa-hion's field a brilliant name he'd earned;
And, with his full dress pantaloons on too,
His legs and compliments were both well turned.

But who can tell, (I'm sure that ne'er I could)
What 'tis that makes the women sometimes like us?
Of him who sneering answers flattery would,
I ask in reply, what charm in them may strike us

Surely, as the sling the Hebrew shepherd wielded?
Why any—the least that niggard Nature
May, in a fit of economy have yielded,
Whether of voice, complexion, form, or feature.

We love, we know not why—in joy or sadness
We waste on one the fountains of the heart,
The mind's best energies, the—pshaw!—'tis madness—
'Tis worse than frenzy—'tis an idiot's part.

This Bertram knew—for his was not the dreaming,
Cherished delusion of a feeble mind;
He knew, too, that in hours there is no redeeming
A soul like his from bonds which years have twined.

That she ne'er had loved him, came the cold assurance
Home to his heart, when all its springs were spent;
He felt that his had been the vain endurance—
The waste of pangs unshared with Melicent.

Dazzled by the prize his soul, his senses ravish'd,
Rashly he ventured on a dangerous game:
Lost, beyond hope, the stake so madly lavish'd,
And felt his folly was alone to blame.

And then he knew they had not each been weighing
An equal hazard in the chance gone by:
She had but been with the heart's counters playing—
He, he had set his all upon a die.

But to what purpose now avail'd the seeing
That love, such as ne'er did human pulses stir—
Which was to him the very food of being—
Was but as pastime and a toy to her?

Her empire o'er his soul had been too deeply founded
Too long established to re-conquer now;
Still was she doomed to be the heaven which bounded,
The world of all his hopes and fears below.

And were it not so, could the charm around
Even by a word of his at last be broken,
Fairly as then that spell would yet have bound him—
That magic word would still remain unspoken.

One night it chanced, when homeward sadly straying,
Beneath her window that he paused, unmoved,
To watch the light which, thro' the casement playing
At times was darkened by the form he loved—

When thro' the half-raised sash, the summer air
Brought, through the blind which screened the lady's
bower,

Words to the throbbing ear, which listen'd there,
That told him first it was her bridal hour!

The sounds of revelry had ceased—the lights
Were all extinguished, except one alone;
'Tis that, 'tis that his straining vision blights,
Dimly as thro' the half-shut blind it shone!

That little light! The burning Afric sun,
Which poured its fierce and scorching noon-day
blaze

The heroic Roman's lidless eyes upon,
Was not more madd'ning than that taper's rays.

The light's removed—but still a shadow dim
Upon the curtain's folds reflected falls!
The light's extinguished—and the world to him

TO —.

Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking
Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant first in his strength awaking,
Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;
As the breeze that first travels with Morning forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
As the dream that has cheated thy soul thro' the night,
Let me come fresh in thy thoughts with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking
In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,
As they start like gems on the moon-touched spray.
Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning and looks are wiling,
And those words and looks, of others, beguiling
Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour;
Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,
When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

SONNET.

Tell her I love her for those deep blue eyes,
Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth,
Which (like a lake reflecting autumn skies)
Reveal two heavens here to us on earth—
The one in which their soul-born beauty lies,
And that wherein her spirit had its birth.
Go to my lady ere the season flies—
Ere thy last hour of blossoming is over,
And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast—
Go! and with all of eloquence thou hast
The burning story of my love discover.
And if the tale shall fail—alas! to move her,
Tell her when youth's gay summer flowers are past,
Like thee, my love, will blossom to the last.

THE AMBUSCADE—IN IMITATION OF SCOTT.*

The mountain tops are bright above,
The lake is bright beneath—
And the mist is seen, the rocks between,
In a silver shroud to wreath.
Merrily on the maple spray
The blue-bird trills the roundelay,
And the red-bird blithely flits among
The boughs where her pendent nest is hung;
The squirrel his morning revel keeps
In the chesnut's leafy screen,
And the fawn from the thicket gaily leaps
To gambol upon the green.

Now on the broad lake's waters blue
Dances many a light canoe:
And banded there in wampum sheen,
Many a crested chief is seen;
Now as the foamy fringe they break,
Which the waves where they kiss the margin
make,
The shallops shoot on the snowy strand,
And the plumed warriors leap to land.

They bear their pirogues of birchen bark
Far in the shadowy forest glade,
And plunge them deep in coverts dark
Of the closely woven hazle shade;
Then stealthily tread in each other's track,
And with wary step come gliding back.
And when the water again is won
Unlock the beaded mockason,
And covering first with careful hand
The footmarks dash'd in the yielding sand,
Round jutting point and dented bay
Through the wave they take their winding way.

Awhile their painted forms are seen
Gleaming along the margin green,
And then the sunny lake is left—
Where issuing from a mountain cleft—
Above whose bold impending height
The dusky larch excludes the light,
The current of a rivulet
Conceals their wary footsteps yet.

Scaling the rocks, where strong and deep
Abrupt the waters foaming leap,
Along the stream they bending creep,
Where the hanging birch's tassels sweep,
Thread the witch-hazle and the alder-maze,
Where in broken rills the streamlet strays,
And reach the spot where its oozy tide
Steals from the mountain's shaggy side.

Now where wild vines their tendrils fling,
From crag to crag their forms they swing,
Some boldly find a footing where
The mountain-cat would hardly dare;
Others as lightly onward bound
As the frolic chipmunk skips the ground,
Till all the midway mountain gain

And there once more collected meet,
Where on the eagle's wild domain
The morning sunbeams fiercely beat.

There's a glen upon that mountain side,
A sunny dell expanding wide,
Where the eye that looks thro' the green arcade
Of cliffs in vines and shrubs arrayed,
Sees many a silver stream and lake
Upon its raptured vision break;
That sunny dell has its opening bright,
Almost within an arrow's flight,
Of a narrow gorge, whose upper side
Rank weeds and furze as closely hide,
As if some frolic fays had plied
Their skill in weaving osiers green,
And thus in elvish freak had tried
Its gloomy mouth to screen.

'Tis a chasm beneath the wooded steep,
Where the brain will swim and the blood will
creep,

When its dizzy edge is seen,
And the fiend will prompt the heart to leap,
When the eye would measure the yawning deep
Of that hideous ravine.

Far down the gulf in distance dim
The bat will oft at noontide skim,
The rattlesnake like a shadow glides
Through poisonous weeds in its shelvy sides,
While swarming lizards loathsome crawl
Where the green damp stands on the slimy wall,
And the venomous copper-snake's heard to hiss
On the frightful edge of that black abyss.

Here in the feathery fern—between
The tangled thicket's matted screen,
Their weapons hid, save where a blade
From straggling ray reflection made,

The Mohawk warriors lay.
The morning sees them gather there
And crouch within their heathy lair—
The scorching sun at noontide hour
Still finds them in their leafy bower,
And when the mantle gray
Of sombre twilight slowly fell
O'er rocky height and wooded dell,
They waited for their prey.

How slow the languid hours do move,
How long to him their lapse appears
To whom remorse, or fear, or love,
Does in each lingering moment prove

The gathered agony of years.
But o'er the Indian warrior's soul,
Uncounted and unheeded roll
Hours, like these in watching spent,
The moments that he knows within
When on the glorious War-Path sent,
Are calm as those which usher in
The thunders of the firmament.

The mæsse hath left the rusky brink
Where he steals to the lake at eve to drink,
And sought his lair in this ket dark,
Lit only by the fire-fly's spark.
Now the far heaven's veil of blue
The restless stars pervading through,
Seem o'er the wave reflected spread
To pave with studs of gold its bed.

* The subject of the above attempt to describe in the style of Scott one of the many incidents in the annals of our frontier warfare, that are so peculiarly suited to the genius of the 'minstrel of Border chivalry,' is a tradition kept in a romantic part of New York, on an armed band having been lost to a man by being precipitated from the banks of a narrow and deep ravine during a sudden conflict with a war-party of the Six-Nations.

Now as upon the western hills,
The moon her mystic circle fills,
Against the sky each cliff is flung,
As if at magic touch it sprung,
And as the wood her beam receives,
The dew-drops in that virgin light,
Pendent from the quivering leaves,
Sparkle upon the pall of night.

Deep in the linden's foliage hid,
Complains the peevish katydid.
And the shrill screech-owl answers back,
From tulip-tree and tamarak.

At times along the placid lake,
A solitary trout will break ;
And rippling eddies in the stream,
In trembling circles faintly gleam ;
While near the sedgy shore is heard
The splash of that ill-omened bird,
Whose dismal note and boding cry,
Will oft the startled ear assail,

When lowering clouds obscure the sky,
And when the tempest gathers nigh,
Come quivering in the rising gale.

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak,
Whose proudly waving banner now
Comes floating round the mountain's brow ;
Whose gallant ranks in close array,
Now gleam along the moon-lit way ;
And now with many a break between,
Are winding through the long ravine ?

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak !
Who careless press a foeman's sod,
As if in banquet-hall they trod ;

Who rashly thus undaunted dare
To chase in woods the forest child,
To hunt the panther to his lair,
The Indian in his native wild ?

Unapprehensive thus, at night
The wild deer looking from the brake,
To where there gleams a fitful light
Dotted upon the rippling lake,
Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping
From the lithe oar which softly dipping,

Impels the wily hunter's boat ;
But on his ruddy torch's rays,
As nearer, clearer now they float,
The fated quarry stands to gaze,
And dreaming not of cruel sport,

Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes
Until the rifle's sharp report

The simple creature hears and dies.

Buoyant with youth, as heedless they
Pursue the death-besetted way,
As cautionless each one proceeds,
Where his doomed steps the pathway leads,
As if the perils of that hour
But led those steps to beauty's bower.
They come with stirring life and drum,
With flaunting plume and pennon come,
To solitudes, where never yet
Hath gleamed the glistening bayonet—
Banner upon the breeze hath flown,
Or bugle note before been blown.
The cautious beaver starts with fear,
That strange unwonted sound to hear ;

But still her grave demeanor keeps,
As from her hovel door she peeps—
Observing thence with curious eye
The pageant, as it passes by ;
Pauses the wailing whip-poor-will
One moment, in her plaintive trill,
As echoing on the mountain side
Their martial music wanders wide.
Then, as the last note dies away,
Pursues once more her broken lay.

At length they reach that fatal steep,
Which, hanging o'er the chasm deep,
With stunted copse, and tangled neath,
Conceals the gulf that yawns beneath.
The watchful Mohawk, from his lair,
One moment sees them falter there—
One moment looks, with eagle eye,
To mark their forms against the sky ;
Then, through the night air, wild and high,
Peals the red warrior's battle-cry.

From sassafras, and shumach, green,
From shattered stump, and riven rock—
From the dark hemlock's boughs between,
Is lanced the gleaming tomahawk.
And savage eyes glare fiercely out
From every bush and vine about ;
And savage forms the branches throw,
In dusky masses on the foe.

In vain their leaders strive to form
Their ranks beneath that living storm !
As whoop on whoop discordant fell
Loudly on their astounded ears,
As if at once each fiendish yell
Awoke, within that narrow dell,
The echoes of a thousand years !
No rallying cry, no hoarse command
Can marshal that bewildered band ;
Nor clarion call to standard, more
Those panic-stricken ranks restore ;
Now strown like pines upon the path
Where bursts the heretofore's wrath.

Yet some there are who undismayed
Seek sternly, back to back arrayed,
With eye and blade alert, in vain
A moment's footing to maintain.
Though gallant hearts direct the steel,
And stalwart arms the buffets deal,
What can a score of brands avail
When each as many foes assail ?
Like scud before the wintry blast,
That through the sky comes sweeping fast,
Like leaves upon the tempest whirled
They toward the steep, are struggling hurried.
Valor in vain, in vain despair,
Nerves many a frantic bosom there
Furious with the unequal strife,
To cling with desperate force to life.
There, fighting still, with mad endeavor,
As on the dizzy edge they hover,
Their bugle breathes one rallying note,
Pennon and plume one moment float ;
Then, sweep beyond the frightful brink
Like mist, into the chasm sink ;
Within whose bosom, as they fell,
Arose as hideous, wild a yell
As if the very earth had riven,
And shrieks from hell were upward driven.

LOVE AND POLITICS—A POET'S BIRTH-DAY
MEDITATIONS.

Another year! alas, how swift,
Medora, do these years flit by,
Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift
In flakes along a wintry sky.
Another year! another leaf
Is turned within life's volume brief,
And yet not one bright page appears
Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel
As if it should not yet be so;
As if the years that from me steal
Had not a right alike to go,
And lose themselves in Time's dark sea,
Unbuoyed up by aught from me;
Aught that the Future yet might claim
To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme,
And it was thou that taught me love;
And if I in this idle chime
Of words a useless sluggard prove,
It was thine eyes the habit nursed,
And in their light I learnt it first.
It is thine eyes which, day by day,
Consume my time and heart away.

And often bitter thoughts arise
Of what I've lost in loving thee,
And in my breast my spirit dies,
The gloomy cloud around to see,
Of baffled hopes and ruined powers—
Of mind, and miserable hours—
Of self upbraiding, and despair—
Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear.

'Why, what a peasant slave am I,'
To bow my mind and bend my knee
To woman in idolatry,
Who takes no thought of mine or me.
Oh God! that I could breathe my life
On battle plain in charging strife—
In one mad impulse pour my soul
Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve
Their gather'd causes of offence,
Until I in my heart resolve
To dash thine angel image thence;
When some bright look, some accent kind,
Comes freshly in my heated mind,
And scares, like newly-flushing day,
These brooding thoughts like owls away.

And then for hours and hours I muse
On things that might, yet will not be,
Till one by one my feelings lose
Their passionate intensity,
The steal away in visions soft,
Which on wild wing those feelings waft
Far, far beyond the drear domain
Of Reason and her freezing reign.

And now again from their gay track
I call as I despondent sit,
Once more these truant fancies back,
Which round my brain so idly flit;

And some I treasure, some I blush
To own—and these I try to crush—
And some too wild for reason's reign
I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly,
And even thus my hours decay,
And even thus my years slip by,
My life itself is wiled away;
But distant still the mountain hope,
The burning wish with men to cope
In aught that minds of iron mould
May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year,
Medora, it shall not be so;
Both love and lays forswear I here,
As I've forsworn thee long ago,
That name which thou wouldst never share,
Proudly shall fame emblazon where
On pumps and corners posters stick it,
The highest on the Jackson ticket.

PLATONICS.—TO —

A place for me—one place for me,
Within that wild young heart be kept
Howe'er Affection's chords may there
By other hands than mine be swept
However unto Love's mad thrill,
Their music may responsive be,
And now let sober Friendship still
Preserve one note—one place for me

When thy bright spirit, grave or gay,
Some other chains delighted bear,
To catch thy features' varying play,
And watch each lightning thought appear
However thou his soul may'st touch
Let him not wholly thine enthrall
From one who ever loves so much
To chase its meteor windings all.

When mid some scene where Nature flings
Her loveliest enchantments round
And in thy kindling soul upsprings
Thoughts which no mortal breast can bound—
Or when upon some deathless page
Thy mind communes with kindred mind
Still let me there one thought engage
And round thy soaring spirit wind.

A place for me—one place for me,
Within thy memory live enshrined
Whatever idols Time may raise
Upon the altars of thy mind.
When Pleasure's thousand shapes appear
Or love of Power would worshipped be
Or Wealth her golden god would rear,
Let Friendship keep one place for me

When first the bride-like dawn is blushing
Within the arms of joyous Day,
Or when the twilight dews are hushing
His footsteps o'er the hills away;
When from the fretted vault above
God's ever burning lamps are hung,
And when in dreams of Heaven and love,
His mercies are around thee flung.

And I, while—like those stars thou lovedst
 To watch across the skies careering,
 As o'er the mountain-shadow'd wave
 Our little barque her course was steering—
 Youth's meteor hopes before thee sweep
 Like bubbles on a freshening sea,
 Will ever mid life's changes keep
 One place within my heart for thee.

DREAM.

Young Lesbia slept. Her glowing cheek
 Was on her polished arm reposing,
 And slumber closed those fatal eyes,
 Which keep so many eyes from closing.

For even Cupid, when fatigued
 Of playing with his bow and arrows,
 Will harmless furl his weary wings,
 And nestle with his mother's sparrows.

Young Lesbia slept—and visions gay
 Before her dreaming soul were glancing,
 Like sights that in the moon-beams show,
 When fairies on the green are dancing.

And first, amid a joyous throng,
 She seemed to move in festive measure,
 With many a courtly worshipper,
 That waited on her queenly pleasure.

And then—by one of those strange turns
 That witch the mind so when we're dreaming;
 She was a planet in the sky,
 And they were stars around her beaming.

Yet hardly had that lovely light,
 (To which one cannot here help kneeling,)
 Its radiance in the vault above
 Been for a few short hours revealing :

When, like a blossom from the bough,
 By some remorseless whirlwind riven,
 Swiftly upon its lurid path,
 'Twas back to earth like lightning driven.

Yet brightly still, though coldly, there
 Those other stars were calmly shining,
 As if they did not miss the rays
 That were but now with their own twining.

And half with pique, and half with pain,
 To be from that gay chorus parting,
 Young Lesbia from her dream awoke,
 With swelling heart and tear-drop starting

INTERPRETATION.

Had she but thought of those below,
 Who thus were left with breasts benighted,
 Till Heav'n dismissed that star to earth,
 By which alone our hearts are lighted—

Or, had she recollected, when
 Each virtue from the world departed,
 How Hope, the dearest, came again,
 And staid to cheer the lonely-hearted:

Sweet Lesbia could not thus have grieved,
 From that cold dazzling throng to sever,
 And yield her warm young heart again,
 To those that prize its worth forever.

to ———— *On revient toujours, &c.*

Aye, there it is, that wizard smile,
 That look, which cheats my soul forever,
 That face that will my brain beguile
 Till reason from her seat shall sever,
 And all as peerless as when last
 I for the twentieth time foreswore them,
 Resistless as when first I cast
 My whole adoring soul before them.

Like carrier doves that hurry back
 To the same goal from which they started,
 However strange may be the track,
 Or far the home from whence they're parted—
 So from its jesses if I may
 E'er set my heart one moment free,
 Somehow it always finds its way,
 The very next, again to thee.

But sick and weary from its range,
 With plumage torn and drooping wing,
 And feelings—though they cannot change—
 Embittered by such wandering,
 That heart, which thou hast proved so much,
 If, while thou doubtst yet to take it,
 Each chord thou would'st still further touch,
 Oh! try some test that will but break it.

CLOSING ACCOUNTS.—TO MY COUSIN.

I placed—it was not ten years since—
 Sweet coz, a heart within thy keeping,
 In which there was no pulse of prince,
 Of poet, or of hero, leaping,
 But it was generous, warm, and true,
 True to itself, and true to thee :
 And toward thine own it fondly drew—
 Drew almost in idolatry.

I came to thee when years were flown,
 To learn how well the charge was kept,
 That heart—it was so altered grown,
 Upon the change I could have wept :
 The buoyant hope, the daring aim,
 The independence, stern and high ;
 Spirit, misfortune could not tame,
 And pride that did the worst defy.
 All, all were gone—and in their stead,
 Were bitter, and were blasted feelings :
 And thoughts Despair so far had led
 They shuddered at their own revealings.
 Yet I—although Distrust did prey
 Within that heart so wildly then—
 It ate the bitter half away,
 I left the rest with thee again.

Perhaps that heart in worthier case,
 I thought thou would'st at last restore ;
 Perhaps I hoped thou might'st replace
 With thine, the one abused before :
 Perhaps there was—the truth as well
 May out at once—perhaps there was in
 Those matchless eyes so strong a spell
 I could not help it, gentle cousin.

Well, it was thine—thine only still,
 A little worse perhaps, for wear ;
 But firm, despite of every ill
 Which Fate and thou had gathered there :
 'Twere bootless to remind thee here

How long it has continued such,
Or how its truth, through doubt and fear,
Inconstancy could never touch.

But, cousin, though thy noontide blaze
Of beauty, is as deeply felt
By me, as when unto its rays
In dawning womanhood I knelt.
Yet, now my youth is long since past,
And growing cares make manhood grey;
I think—I think from thee at last,
That I must take that heart away.

Still, if it grieve thee to restore
A trust that's held so carelessly,
Or if, while asking back once more,
The heart I left in pledge with thee;
It may, in spite of all I've said,
By some odd chance with thee be blended;
Why, cousin, give me that instead,
And all our business here is ended.

THE DECLARATION.

I left the hall, as late it wore,
And glad to be in her boudoir
From surveillance exempt, I
Gazed the books she last had read,
The chair her form had hallowed,
And grieved that it was empty.
And Sleep his web was round me weaving
While listening to that wind-harp's breathing,
Whose melody so wild is,
When one, whose charms are not of earth,
(Her father just a *plum* is worth,
And she his only child is,)
With stealthy step before me stood,
As if to kiss, in mad-cap mood,
My eyes, in slumber folded.
Her form was large—too large you'd say,
Yet knew not whence to pare away,
So finely was it moulded.
Her eyes were of a liquid blue,
Like sapphires limpid water through
Their softened lustre darting;
Her mind-illuminated brow was white
As snow drift in the pale moonlight;
The hair across it parting
Was of that paly brown, we're told
By poets takes a tinge of gold
When sunbeams through it tremble,
While round her mouth two dimples played
Like—nothing e'er on earth was made
Those dimples to resemble.
And there she stood in girlish glee
To win a pair of gloves, or see
How odd I'd look when waking,
When I her round her upper waist
So unexpectedly embraced,
The bond there was no breaking.
Her swelling bosom heaved at first,
As if her bodice through would burst
Its angry little billows;
Her eye was fired beneath its lashes
As streams on which the lightning flashes
Will sparkle through their willows;
But when I loosed the eager grasp
In which I to my breast did clasp

Her struggling and unwilling,
I felt somehow her fragile fingers,
(The tingling in my own yet lingers)
Within my pressure thrilling.
I spoke to her—she answered not—
I told her—now I scarce know what—
I only do remember
My feelings when in words expressed,
Though warm as August in my breast,
Seemed colder than December.
But how can words the thoughts express
Of love so deep, so measureless
As that which I have cherished?
Oh, God! if my seared heart had given
The same devotedness to heaven,
It would not thus have perished!
I said, 'you know—you must have known
I long have loved—loved you alone,
But cannot know how dearly.'
I told her if my hopes were crossed,
My ev'ry aim in life was lost—
She knew I spoke sincerely!
She answered—as I breathless dwelt
Upon her words, and would have knelt,
'Nay, move not thus the least,
You have—you long have had'—'Say on,
Sweet girl! thy heart?'—'Your foot upon
The founce of my *battiste*.'

HOLDING A ROPE FOR A LADY TO JUMP.

'Tis true thou art no silken band
That knits my own with Zoe's hand,
No fairy's chosen fetter;
Yet Love himself, if strength alone
Were in his bonds but to be shown,
Could hardly find a better.
Thy stoutly twisted hempen strand
Would hang each felon in the land,
As high as e'er was Haman:
And—unless heavier than his head,
Are hearts by love inhabited,
Would hold the wildest Damon.
But thou—like rods magician's wear,
Know'st not the secret power you bear,
Nor yet to trace art able,
The story of one coil that lingers
So lovingly on Zoe's fingers—
Thou highly favored cable.
Since first in June, when hemp is green,
And bees and butterflies are seen
Along its blossoms sailing,
Through mellow Autumn's jocund hours,
When warblers from the brown wood's bowers
Are on its seeds regaling—
Till steadying on some top-most spar,
The footsteps of the gallant tar,
Upon the wave careering,
Or pendent from the stately mast,
Though glowing palms thy cordage pass'd,
Some banner bold uprearing—
'Tis strange that aught so void of life
Should have, as if with feeling rife,
The electric power to mingle
The pulses that, upon my word,
I felt just now, together stirred,
Through all thy twistings tingle.

TO —

Why seek her heart to understand
 If but enough thou knowest
 To prove that all thy love, like sand,
 Upon the wind thou throwest?
 The ill thou makest out at last
 Does but reflect the bitter past,
 While all the good thou learnest yet
 But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness
 Which in her breast resideth,
 And what the warmth and tenderness
 Her mien of coldness hideth,
 If but ungenerous thoughts prevail
 When thou her bosom wouldst assail,
 While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er,
 By any chance, toward thee appear.

Sam up each token thou hast won
 Of kindred feeling there—
 How few for Hope, to build upon,
 How many for Despair!
 And if e'er word or look declareth
 Love or aversion, which she beareth,
 While of the first, no proof thou hast,
 How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand
 Her of whom thou knowest
 Enough to prove thy love like sand
 Upon the wind thou throwest:
 The ill thou makest out at last
 Does but reflect the bitter past,
 While all the good thou learnest yet
 But makes her harder to forget.

STANZAS.

I love thee, Nature! In every mood
 Thy rural scenes have charms for me;
 The rugged rock, the leafy wood,
 The sheltered vale, or upland tea—
 The brawling brook, thro' the dark wood twining,
 Or placid lake, in the moon-beam shining.

I love the hour, when the misty light
 Of dawn is through the foliage streaming,
 When the mead-lark wings his merry flight,
 And the curlew on the beach is screaming;
 While the kill-deer adds his plaintive note
 To the shrill cry from the plover's throat.

I love the approach of the twilight hour,
 When the whip-poor-will's note is heard alone;
 When the sun, tho' shorn of his noon-day power,
 Yet lingers here as loth to be gone,
 And pours his richest flood of light
 As he yields the world to coming night.

I love the hour, when the queen of night
 In the world above asserts her sway,
 When the dew-drop gleams in her silver light
 As it trembles anew on the leafy spray;

When the tired world is lulled to rest,
 And stillness reigns o'er Nature's breast

For, whether the hour be morning gray,
 Or twilight shades are round us closing—
 Whether the sunbeams hotly play,
 Or the moon is on the wave reposing—
 There's a lovely page whereon to look
 For the heart that reads in Nature's Book.
Long Island, August 14th 1827.

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

'I feel quite an old sort of feel.'—*Byron's Letters.*

At twenty-five—at twenty-five,
 The heart should not be cold;
 It still is young in deeds to strive,
 Though half life's tale is told;
 And Fame should keep its youth alive,
 If Love would make it old.

But mine is like that fruit which grew,
 And withered in a night,
 Which from the skies of midnight drew,
 Its ripening and its blight—
 Matured in Heaven's tears of dew,
 And faded ere her light.

Its hues in sorrow's darkness born,
 In tears were fostered first;
 Its powers from passion's frenzy drawn,
 In passion's gloom were nurs'd—
 And perishing ere manhood's dawn,
 Did prematurely burst.

Yet all I've learnt from hours of life
 With painful brooding here,
 Is, that amid this mortal strife,
 The lapse of every year
 But takes away a hope from life,
 And adds to death a fear.

TO —.

As he, who watches in the night
 When wind and tide attend his bark
 For the bright pole stars' steady light
 To rise above the waters dark,
 Will often for its guiding beam
 Mistake some wandering meteor stray
 But puzzled by that fitful gleam
 Doubt yet to launch upon the stream,
 Till wind and tide have passed away.

So I, if ever Life's dark sea
 Is swept by some propitious gale
 Look for my guiding light in thee,
 Before I e'er can spread my sail;
 So, while thy smiles deceitful shine
 Then leave all darker than before
 I for some sorer beacon pine,
 Till breeze and flood no longer mine
 I'm stranded on the barren shore.

MARQUINEZ AND LA COLLEGIALA.

A Romance

OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

The small town of Ayllon in Old Castile is picturesquely situated at the foot of a ridge of mountains of the same name, and at about half a dozen leagues to the left of the *camino real* from Burgos to Madrid. Although dignified by the name of a *villa*, or town, and containing a population of five hundred *vecinos*, at the period we are referring to, it bore more resemblance to an overgrown country village, both by the character of its houses and the occupations of their inhabitants. The former were rudely constructed of mis-shapen and irregularly sized blocks of stone, hewn from the adjacent mountains, the interstices being filled up with a coarse cement. They were for the most part covered with thatch, although here and there a roof formed of black and red tiles, arranged in alternate lines, varied the uniformity of the layers of straw, to which the weather and the smoke of the wood fires had imparted a dingy greyish hue. According to Spanish custom, every dwelling had a clumsy but solid and spacious balcony running round the upper windows. These balconies were sheltered from the rain either by a wooden roof or by a projection of the thatch and rafters, and in the summer and autumn were usually strewed with the golden pods of the Indian corn, and the juicy scarlet fruit of the tomato, placed there to dry and to ripen in the sunbeams.

The inhabitants of Ayllon were principally peasants, who gained their living by the cultivation of the fields which surrounded the town; and in time of peace this resource was sufficient for the ample supply of their scanty wants and unambitious desires; but the war, which was so heavy a scourge for the Peninsula, did not spare this quiet corner of Castile. On the contrary, the position of the town rendered it a favorite resort of the guerillas, who from that point had the double facility of pouncing on whatever passed along the high-road, and of retreating to the mountains when troops were sent against them. Thus it not unfrequently happened that the unfortunate Ayllonese, after emptying their granaries and wine stores for the benefit of the Spanish troops, were visited, a few hours afterwards, by a column of French, who stripped them of what little they had reserved for their own support, accompanying their extortions by the ample measure of ill treatment they considered themselves justified in bestowing on those who had so recently sheltered their foes. Between friends and enemies the peasants were impoverished, their houses dismantled and pillaged, their fields trampled and laid waste.

It was on an autumn morning of the year 1811, that a large number of cavalry soldiers were grooming their horses in the streets of Ayllon. Some ill-clothed but hardy looking infantry men were grouped about the doors of

the houses, busily engaged in burnishing their arms, whilst here and there, at the corners of the streets or in open spaces between the houses, a few greasy-looking individuals were superintending the preparations of the *rancho*,* a strong smelling anomalous sort of mess, contained in large iron kettles suspended over smoky fires of green wood. Cavalry, infantry, and cooks were laughing, joking, singing, and talking with the gayety characteristic of the Spanish soldier, and which scarcely ever abandons him even in the most difficult and unfavorable circumstances.

The horses had been cleaned and returned to their stables; the muskets burnished till they shone again; the rations cooked and eaten.— It was past noon, and the rays of an October sun, which in Castile is often hotter than a July sun in our more temperate climate, had driven the soldiery to seek shade and coolness where best it might be found. Some were sharing the litter of their horses, others were stretched under trees and hedges in the outskirts of the town, whilst the most weary or the least difficult lay wrapped in their cloaks on either side of the street. A deep silence had succeeded to the previous noise. It was the hour of the *siesta*.

Two o'clock had chimed from the church tower of Ayllon, and had been repeated by the clocks of the neighboring convents and villages, when a battalion of infantry entered the principal street, and advanced at a rapid pace towards the open square in the centre of the town where it halted and formed up. A body of cavalry which followed separated into small parties, and dispersed in various directions. More infantry arrived, and proceeded by detachments to occupy the stables and houses which from they ejected the original occupants. On the first arrival of the new comers, the guerillas who were lying sleeping about the streets, had started up in alarm; but on recognizing the grey uniforms and painted shakoes of the regiment of Arlanza, and the blue pelises of the hussars, under

* the *rancho*, or mess of the Spanish soldiery, is generally composed of fat pork, garlic, and rice or dry beans, according as the one or the other may have been issued for rations: the whole being plentifully seasoned with red pepper, and boiled so as to form a sort of thick pottage. The manner in which this is eaten is somewhat original. Each company is divided into messes of twenty or thirty men, and each mess forms a circle round the vessel in which their dinner has been cooked, every man with his bread and a large wooden spoon in his hand. They tell off by fours, and a non-commissioned officer calls out: *El uno*, No. 1. The five or six men who have told off No. 1 take a pace to the front, dip their spoon in the kettle and resume their place in the circle. *El dos*, No. 2, is next called, and performs the same manoeuvre. After No. 4, the turn of No. 1 comes again, and so on till the pot is emptied and the bellies of the soldiers more or less filled.

the orders of the Cura Merino, they for the most part resumed their recumbent position, with all the nonchalance of those Neapolitan lazzaroni for whom the *dolce far niente* is the sum and substance of human happiness. The less indolent remained staring at the troops as they marched by; and even when they saw them entering the stables and barracks they manifested no surprise, unsuspicious of any hostile intention on the part of men fighting for the same cause as themselves, and with whom they were accustomed to fraternize. Those who were sleeping in the houses and stables, were scarcely well awaked before they were thrust into the street. The whole proceeding was so rapid on the part of the Cura's soldiers, and so unlooked for by those quartered in the town, that in less than ten minutes fifteen hundred men found themselves unarmed and defenceless, whilst their horses, weapons and accoutrements were in possession of Merino's followers. So complete was the surprise, and so trifling the resistance offered, that not a life was lost, scarcely a man wounded on either side.

Whilst the astonished guerillas were asking one another what could be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of Merino, that chief himself appeared, surrounded by several officers, and followed by a strong escort of cavalry. He galloped through the main street, and, halting in the plaza, received the reports of the officers who had been entrusted with the execution of the *coup-de-main* that had just been accomplished; then, turning to a group of the disarmed who were standing by, he enquired for Colonel Principe. Before he had received a reply, a man rushed, bareheaded, and with a drawn sabre in his hand, from the door of a neighboring house. He stopped when he found himself face to face with the Cura, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from passion, demanded by what authority the latter had disarmed his men and taken possession of their quarters.

'By my own authority,' Thomas Principe, coolly replied Merino. 'Your band is one of those who do more harm to the peasant than the enemy. When they march, their progress is marked by rapine and violence; and, if they now and then distinguish themselves by their gallantry in the field, they take care to counterbalance its merits by daily robberies and unlawful acts. Your horses and arms I have taken for my soldiers, and by this time your men are informed that they are disbanded and may return to their homes.'

Merino had scarcely finished his sentence when Principe, who literally foamed at the mouth with rage, made a dash at the imperturbable priest, and dealt him a blow which would probably have brought the career of that celebrated member of the church militant to a premature termination, had it not been intercepted by the swords of some of the Cura's officers. Several of the escort pressed forward, and the unlucky guerilla was overpowered and deprived of his sabre. The scuffle was scarcely over when Marquinez, the friend and lieutenant of Principe, appeared, followed by some officers

and a few men of his corps. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, in the prime of life, with a highly intelligent countenance; and, instead of showing the same excitement and headlong fury as his commandant, he saluted Merino with urbanity, and addressed him in a somewhat ironical tone. The Cura repeated what he had already said to Principe as to his reason for disarming the partida.

'I am well aware, Senor Cura,' said Marquinez, 'that some of your followers, weary of lurking in mountain caverns, have preferred leaders under whom they were sure to meet with opportunities of displaying their courage on the plain, and of revenging themselves on the invaders of their country. It is probably to prevent further defection, and to remount your cavalry, that you have thus treacherously surprised and disarmed men, who, had they been aware of your intention, would have given ample occupation to you and the whole of your forces. You have, for the moment, deprived your country of two thousand defenders, the least worthy of whom is a better man than ever crossed your saddle. We shall not attempt a resistance which now would be absurd, but you will have to answer to the junta of Cadiz for your treason.'

The Cura smiled scornfully, but made no reply. Marquinez, after gazing steadfastly at him for a moment, turned upon his heel; and leading, or rather dragging along, Principe by the arm left the plaza. The same day Merino marched out of Ayllon, taking with them nearly a thousand horses, and a large number of muskets, sabres, and other arms.

Marquinez and Principe had been sergeants in the Spanish regiment of Bourbon. They were of humble extraction, and Marquinez had, in his youth, been a barber at Madrid. Both men of great intrepidity, and of some military talent, those qualifications availed them little at a period when wealth and family interest were the surest, if not the only stepping stones to advancement in the Spanish army, and our two *sargentos instruidos* left the service with the humble chevrons which their merits had procured them soon after their arrival under the colors, but which they had no hope of exchanging for the epaulette of a commissioned officer. At the commencement of the Peninsular war, they joined a party of guerillas, of which they soon became the leaders, and Principe, although inferior in talent and education to his brother sergeant, was the first in command. At the period that Merino disarmed them in the manner we have described, the *partida* had acquired considerable celebrity, and although not so well disciplined as the troops of the Cura, had committed no excesses to justify the step taken by the latter. Merino was jealous of their success, and annoyed at the desertion of his men, many of whom had recently left his standard to join that of Principe. As Marquinez had predicted, however, the regency was excessively angry at the unauthorized and unwarrantable conduct of the guerilla priest, in which it was evident that he had consulted his own interest more than that of

the service, or of the country. A severe reprimand was addressed to him; but the war was raging in all its fury, the Junta had its hands full, and Merino was too valuable a partizan to be dispensed with, or even disgusted. Moreover, the mischief done was soon repaired, in great part, by the activity of Marquinez. After the guerilla corps was disbanded by the Cura, the two adventurers who had headed it found themselves with a mere handful of followers, the remainder either having been sent to their villages, or having joined Merino. Principe and Marquinez agreed to separate, and to reorganize two bands, instead of the one they had hitherto commanded. Principe was only moderately successful; the free corps which he raised never amounted to above six or eight hundred men; but Marquinez, putting out all his energy, before long found himself at the head of a strong body of cavalry, well mounted and equipped; and he took the field with renewed confidence, and this time with the sole command.

In one of the first expeditions which he undertook, after this resurrection of his *partadi*, he encountered three hundred Westphalian cavalry in the French service, whom he utterly defeated, after fighting for a whole morning, and losing a large number of men and horses. The Westphalians were returning from a reconnaissance, in which they had made several prisoners, and amongst others, a lady of a good family of Sahagun, and wife of a captain in the Spanish army. This woman, during the few days which the insecurity of the roads compelled her to pass in the society of Marquinez, became violently enamored of that officer, and finally abandoned her husband and children to follow him in his adventurous course of life. Endowed with masculine courage, strong minded, and possessed of greater physical strength than is usual in her sex, she did not hesitate to assume the costume of a hussar, and to fight by the side of the dashing guerilla to whom she had attached herself. She soon became well known to the district which was the scene of operations of Marquinez's troops, by the appellation of *La Collegiala*, a name given to her from the circumstance of her youth having been spent in a college, which exists at Valladolid, for the education of the children of noble families. She had already been engaged in several skirmishes, and had displayed a degree of courage which had gained for her the rank of an officer, and the respect and admiration of the hardy soldiers amongst whom she lived, when an opportunity occurred of proving her devotion and attachment to the man for whom she had sacrificed her fair fame and her domestic ties.

It was in the early part of the month of March. A succession of heavy rains had nearly suspended all military operations in the plains of Valladolid and Valencia. Marquinez's hussars, at this time nearly two thousand in number, were in cantonments in some small villages a few leagues to the right of the high-road from Burgos to Valladolid, and were awaiting the return of fine weather to recommence the campaign. The activity and intrepidity of their leader had

caused him to become a formidable opponent to the French generals, who were anxious to rid themselves of nearly the only chief who ventured to attack them on equal terms in the plain, and frequently came off the conqueror. For Marquinez, disdaining the more cautious system of mountain warfare adopted by other guerilla leaders, had not raised any infantry, but kept the open country with his light cavalry. Several of the French moveable columns had been roughly handled by him, and their dragoons sabred and put to the route by vigorous charges headed by the intrepid guerilla.

During the few weeks that Marquinez was compelled to remain inactive, the French caused his position to be reconnoitred by their spies, and devised a plan for seizing his person. The villages and hamlets in which the cavalry were quartered were spread over a considerable extent of country. So large a number of horses would hardly have found sufficient forage or stabling had they been all concentrated on one point; and as the roads were cut up and the fields sodden by the rain, there was no apprehension entertained of any rapid march or surprise on the part of the French, who had their advanced posts in the neighborhood of Valladolid. Two of the numerous villages occupied by the hussars were nearly a league in advance of the others, and placed on either skirt of a large oak wood. The road from one to the other of these cantonments described a curve round the front of the wood, and at a central point was crossed by a track which, in one direction, led in amongst the trees, and in the other joined at a distance of a mile or two a country road leading to Valladolid. It was at this spot that it was proposed to surprise Marquinez, who, with the Collegiala and a hundred horse, had taken up his quarters in the village on the right of the wood.

About dusk, on a stormy evening, Marquinez, attended by an aid-de-camp, was returning to his quarters, after having visited several of the cantonments. On arriving at the part of the road described above, he found his further progress impeded by a tree which had fallen across the narrow way in such a manner that its branches, covered with dead leaves, and matted with ivy, formed a sort of hedge too high for the horses to leap, and too strong for them to break through. The two horsemen dismounted, and began to open themselves a passage by lopping the boughs with their sabres, when their arms were suddenly seized from behind, and before they could turn their heads they were surrounded by a dozen dismounted dragoons, whose numbers quickly overcoming all resistance, the Spaniards were thrown down and pinioned. A troop of French cavalry merged from the wood, the men who had effected the capture remounted, and Marquinez and his aid-de-camp, being bound to their saddles and placed between four dragoons, with their carbines unslung and ready for action, the whole party started off at a sharp trot in the direction of Valladolid. The only witness of the affair was a peasant belonging to the village in which Marquinez had his quar-

ters, and who was about a hundred yards behind that chief at the moment he dismounted. His first movement when he saw the French, was to throw himself on the ground behind the bushes, and as soon as the last of the troopers had disappeared, he left his place of concealment, and hastened to give the alarm.

To support the troop of dragoons that had been sent on this hazardous expedition, two battalions and a squadron of French had advanced seven or eight leagues from their own lines, and had taken up a position in a hamlet about the same distance from Marquinez's cantonments. It was an hour before midnight when the party which had forined the ambuscade joined the main body, after a rapid march over detestable roads and a heavy country. The horses were knocked up, and unable to proceed without a few hour's repose. Their captain having reported this to his commanding officer, at the same time that he announced to him the successful issue of the enterprise, received orders to refresh his men and horses, and to hold himself in readiness to march an hour before day-break. Meantime the prisoners were placed in a room on the ground floor of the house in which the French colonel was lodged. The door of their temporary prison opened on a large corridor, then used as a guard-room, and the small unglazed aperture which gave light and air to the apartment, was traversed by three massive iron bars, placed parallel to each other, and rivited into the stone wall. For additional security, and to preclude all possibility of escape, a sentry was placed in a sort of garden on which the window looked out.

The young officer who had been taken at the same time as Marquinez, weary with the day's exertions, soon fell asleep in one of the three or four rickety chairs which composed nearly the whole furniture of the room. His chief did not seem inclined to follow his example, but paced up and down, apparently wrapt in thought.—His monotonous promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when he thought he heard his name pronounced. He started, and listened, but no sound reached his ears save the measured step of the sentinel under his window, and the burden of an old French *chanson a boire*, which one of the men on guard was trolling out, with a voice more remarkable for power than melody. Marquinez threw himself into a chair, and attributing to an excited imagination the words which he had fancied he heard, appeared disposed to imitate his aid-de-camp, who was forgetting in sleep the dangers of his position, and the probable death that awaited him. The eyes of the captive guerilla were beginning to close, and his head to sink upon his breast, when the same voice as before broke the silence. 'Marquinez!' was repeated in a loud whisper. The word was accompanied by a noise such as is produced by a slight blow of iron against iron. This time it was no delusion of a heated brain. Marquinez rushed to the window, and looked out as well as the grating would permit. All was still. The night was raw and wintry, and it was only at intervals that the watery rays of

the moon obtained a passage through some break in the heavy mantle of clouds which covered the sky. The infantry soldier on sentry had reached the limit of his walk, and was turning to retrace his steps. When he arrived under the window, he allowed the bayonet on the end of his musket to fall lightly against the bars through which Marquinez was looking, and in a voice which seemed familiar to the ears of the latter, he asked in Spanish,

'Estos solo? Are you alone?'

'Villaverde is with me, and asleep,' was the reply.

'My bayonet is unfixed. Take it and force the grating.'

Marquinez seized the proffered weapon, which was stuck on the end of the ramrod, and using the greatest possible care to avoid noise, he began to pick out the cement and the small iron wedges by which the bars were fastened into the wall. It was necessary to take out all the three bars, for otherwise the opening would be too small to allow the body of a man to pass; and with no better tool than a bayonet, the task was not an easy one. At the end of half an hour, however, two of the bars had given way, and the prisoner had begun to work at the third, when the sentry, who, during this time had continued his walk without appearing to pay any attention to what was going on in the prison, rapidly approached the window, and, in the low hurried tone in which he had before spoken, exclaimed—

'The relief is at hand; hasten, or all is lost!'

At the same moment Marquinez heard in the distance the *qui vive* of a French soldier challenging the guard which was relieving the various sentries placed round the temporary quarters of the troops.

It is no disparagement to the often proved courage of Marquinez, to say that in this agitating moment his heart beat with unusual quickness, whilst big drops of perspiration covered his forehead. His hand, however, lost none of its steadiness, and he plyed his bayonet with redoubled vigor, but with less caution than before. Fragments of stone flew from the wall as he struck and delved with desperate violence. He fixed the sharp end of his weapon under the bar, and prying as with a lever, endeavored to force it out, when the bayonet, already bent by the unusual purpose to which it was applied, broke off short, and the point remained in the wall. At the same instant Villaverde, awakened by the noise, which had fortunately not reached the ears of the soldiers in the guard-room, stood by the side of his chief, and in an instant comprehended their position. Our two guerillas seized the iron bar, which was all that intervened between them and liberty—between an untimely death and a life of freedom and enjoyment. They tugged and wrenched at the fatal obstacle, which shook but would not give way; the heavy tread of the Frenchmen had become audible, when, by an almost superhuman effort, the iron was torn from its place, and with the violence of the shock the two men reeled back into the centre of the room. Instantly

recovering themselves, they darted through the window, and stood before their deliverer, who threw down his musket, and tossing off his shako, a profusion of dark ringlets fell upon his shoulders, and Marquez recognized with astonishment the handsome features of La Collegiala. She was pale as death, but had lost none of her presence of mind. "Por aqui!" cried she, and as the relief turned the angle of the house, and entered the garden, the three fugitives bounded over a low fence, and disappeared in the obscurity. A moment afterwards, the guard, surprised at not being challenged by the man whom they were approaching to relieve, halted under the window, expecting to find that sleep had overtaken the negligent sentry. No sentry was there, but at a few paces distant, a dead soldier, stripped of his great-coat and shako, was lying with his face against the ground. The long rank grass on which he was extended was wet with blood. He had received a stab in the back which had pierced through to his heart.

In less than an hour after Marquez was carried off by the French, La Collegiala had set out with a squadron in order to rescue him. This force, which included every man in the cantonment, was deemed sufficient, the peasant having reported the captors as not exceeding fifty in number. La Collegiala made sure of overtaking them before they reached Valladolid, to which city, from the road they had taken, she had no doubt they would proceed. After four or five hours' hard riding, the Spaniards had gained considerably on those they were in pursuit of, when they met with some muleteers, who informed them that they were not above ten minutes in rear of the French, but that the latter must have already joined the main body, whose advanced posts were about a mile off. This was a crushing blow to the hopes of La Collegiala. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient for her to take a resolution. She struck off the road, and after a few minutes' march across the country, halted, and formed up the squadron in a ploughed field. Then, stripping off her richly-furred pelisse and embroidered forage-cap, she replaced them by a coarse woollen jacket and felt hat, which she had procured from one of the muleteers. Favored by the darkness of the night, she passed unobserved through the French pickets, and, attracted by the lights in the windows of the guard-room and of the colonel's quarters, she directed her steps to the very garden on which Marquez's prison looked out. Concealed amongst some shrubs, she heard the orders given the sentry; and convinced that the prisoner whom he was directed to guard could be no other than Marquez himself, she immediately formed a plan for his rescue, the partial success of which we have already seen.

The fugitives were not fifty yards from the village when they heard the French drums beat to arms. The troops turned out in an instant; a body of cavalry was sent to patrol the road, whilst parties of infantry hastened in all directions to endeavor to intercept the flight of the prisoners. Amidst the din and confu-

sion, the voice of the French colonel might be heard, exciting his men by the promise of large rewards for the recapture of the notable partisan who had thus eluded his vigilance. Meantime, Marquez and his aide-de-camp, guided by La Collegiala, labored through the heavy ground; now falling into ditches, now stumbling over stumps of trees and other objects which their haste and the darkness prevented them from seeing. They fortunately passed the pickets before the intelligence of their escape had reached those advanced posts, the officers in command of which, hearing the drums beat to arms, and not knowing the nature of the alarm, kept their men together, instead of extending them right and left, which would probably have ensured the taking of the three Spaniards. At length, covered with mud and panting for breath, Marquez and his companion reached the squadron, which was still formed up in the field where La Collegiala had left it. Two men dismounted; Marquez and Villaverde sprang into their saddles, and the little party of hussars moved off across the country in good order, and as fast as the heavy ground would permit. At the same instant they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs of the French dragoons as they galloped along the road, which ran about half musket-shot to the left of their own line of march. This, however, caused no uneasiness to Marquez, who knew that the enemy's cavalry, unacquainted with the country, would not venture to leave the road, and he was sure of being able to keep well ahead of the infantry, who, in their turn, could not prudently advance too far from the main body. He reckoned, therefore, of being soon out of reach of the enemy, when the march of the Spaniards was suddenly arrested by a broad and deep water-course, with high and perpendicular banks. In vain did they ride up and down, and lose some minutes in endeavoring to find a place at which to pass this new obstacle to their progress. The French infantry were approaching; the torches which they carried showing like so many crimson spots through the thick mist arising from the wet and marshy ground. Already the officers might be heard directing the search, and giving orders to their men. The only remaining chance was to return to the high-road before they were perceived by the infantry, and trust to a bold charge to break through the dragoons, which were in their front. The road was soon gained, and the hussars crossed the wooden bridge which was there thrown over the water-course, and which gave out a hollow sound under their horses' feet. The infantry heard the noise, but paid no attention to it, taking the Spaniards for another patrol sent out from the village. The same mistake was made by the dragoons, whom Marquez overtook a few hundred yards further, in a wide part of the road. The officer in command had slackened his pace when he heard other cavalry approaching, thinking it might probably bring some order; but not for a moment supposing that an enemy had got between him and the headquarters he had so recently

left. He was awakened from his security by the voice of Marquez, '*Aellos!*' shouted the guerilla, and his men rushed sabre in hand upon the French, who, taken by surprise, were thrown one upon the other, and a dozen of them cut off their horses before they had made the slightest resistance. A panic seized the remainder, who, being prevented by the darkness from distinguishing the number of their opponents, imagined themselves betrayed, and surrounded by a very superior force. The greater part leaped their horses over the hedges and low stone walls on either side of the road, and fled in every direction. Some few threw down their arms, and begged for quarter; but the guerillas were not in a merciful mood, and prisoners would have been an incumbrance on the long march they had before them. The pursued became in their turn the pursuers, and Marquez had to exert his authority to prevent his soldiers from dispersing in chase of the run aways, a chase that would probably have led some of them into the middle of the French infantry.

Marquez reached his cantonments at day-break, and at the same hour the French commenced their march back to Valladolid, not a little crest-fallen at the events of the night.

A few days after the incident we have related, the approach of spring enabled Marquez to take the field. After one of the first skirmishes shared in by his troops, two or three men deserted to him from the French, and by their own desire were incorporated into a squadron of hussars. One of these men, a German, made himself particularly remarked by his smart and soldierly bearing, and by his hatred of the French, whom he constantly execrated, declaring that his sincerest wish was to revenge on them some part of the ill treatment he had received at their hands. Eventually, in one or two affairs, he displayed so much courage and blood-thirstiness that he attracted the notice of Marquez, who attached him to his person as an orderly. The zeal of the deserter redoubled, and he exhibited that boundless devotion to his general so naturally felt by every brave soldier for an indulgent master and gallant chief.

It was some months later that the hussars of Marquez, being in the neighborhood of Valencia, their leader had occasion to visit that town, and he set out, attended only by his German orderly. At a certain distance from the above-named place, and when the road, running between two hills, is shaded by a row of large beech-trees, the travellers came to one of those ancient fountains, not uncommon in Spain, and which seem to have been erected with the double object of administering to the thirst of the wayfarer, and of inviting him to solicit, by prayer, a blessing on his journey. On the upper part of a mossy and time-worn slab of grey stone, placed perpendicularly against the rocky bank which bordered the road, was rudely sculptured in *relievo* a representation of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. From a broken wooden spout, which protruded from the same stone at about the

height of a man from the ground, gushed forth a stream of water of crystal clearness, which fell bubbling and sparkling into a granite trough below, while the vicinity of the fountain had encouraged the growth of a profusion of hedge flowers, which decked the banks and sides of the road, and perfumed the air with their wild and delicious fragrance.

At this cool and pleasant spot—a sort of oasis on the hot sandy road along which he had been riding—Marquez drew rein, and loosening his horses' breastplate, allowed the animal to plunge his mouth and nostrils in the trough.—Whilst his charger was drinking—an operation rendered somewhat difficult by his large and severe bit—the orderly continued to move forward, until he had greatly diminished the distance usually kept between an officer and his attendant. When he arrived within a couple of paces of the fountain, he silently drew a pistol from his holster, took a deliberate aim at the head of Marquez, and pulled the trigger. The bullet split the skull of the unfortunate Spaniard, who first fell forward on his horse's neck, and then rolled to the ground, striking in his fall against the stone basin, which was sprinkled with his blood. The assassin sprang from his saddle, and stood over his victim with a sharp short dagger in his hand. He had no occasion to use it. The teeth of the guerilla chieftain were set firmly against each other, and a slight froth stood upon his lips. The independence of Spain had lost one of its most gallant defenders.

When the news of this cowardly deed reached Marquez's comrades, the latter did not hesitate to attribute it to the French general Boyer, from whose column the German had deserted. It would be unjust, however, to lay the instigation of so foul a murder at the door of a brave officer without some better proof than mere suspicions. One thing is certain—that when the murderer, after some hairbreadth escapes, succeeded in rejoining the French, he received an officer's commission, as a reward for having rid them of so troublesome and active an enemy.

Shortly after Marquez's death, La Collegiala, with thirty or forty men, deserted to Valladolid, then held by the French. Those who knew her best, were unable to discover or imagine any possible reason for so extraordinary an act.—Some few, indeed, supposed that she had taken this step as the only means by which she could hope to find an opportunity of revenging the death of her lover; and they predicted that many days would not elapse ere La Collegiala would return to the Spanish lines with the blood of Marquez's assassin on her knife blade. If this supposition was the correct one, if such was the motive which induced her to abandon the cause of her country, she was unable to accomplish her design; for, a few days after her desertion, the order came from Napoleon to send back to France all the foreign troops in the French service, for the purpose of their being disbanded. Italians, Poles and Germans, were all sent across the frontier, and with them marched the murderer of Marquez.

La Collegiala continued with the French, and commanded, with the rank of captain, a band of about a hundred irregular cavalry, composed of the men who had deserted with her, and of others who subsequently came over. On the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, which occurred soon afterwards, she accompanied them, and remained in France till an amnesty was published, of which she took advantage, and return-

ed to her own country. Bidding adieu to her masculine dress and habits, she became exceedingly devout, and gave up the whole of her time to religious exercises and the education of her children—a more praiseworthy than poetical termination to the career of the adventurous amazon who had shared the hardships and perils of Marquinez the guerilla.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

COUSIN AGATHA.

Amongst the many sketches attempted and thrown aside in my boyh days, there is one still extant, which bears at its foot the words 'Cousin Agatha.' Many day dreams does that name recall, many bright memories of my early boyhood, and she is connected in my mind, not only with those fresh and happy times when I had never known a sorrow, but with later days, when grief was familiar to me in many shapes, and when the same power had changed her even more than myself.

I was barely thirteen years old, when cousin Agatha, then scarcely seventeen, first made her appearance amongst us. She was the daughter of an elder sister of my father, who having gone out to India with a relative, had married there somewhat above her own rank. Agatha was her only child, and my aunt dying when she was very young, the little girl was sent to England even earlier than she would otherwise have been. She was consigned to the care of a maiden lady, a relation of her father, but just after she had left school, the sudden death of this person left her in a manner unprotected.—Her father indeed was expected in England in a few months, and avowed his intention of taking his daughter back to India with him, in the course of the ensuing year. So she wrote to us, her nearest relatives in England, and asked my mother to receive her until her father's arrival. Many of her aunt's friends had offered her a home, but she seemed to feel it a duty to apply first to her mother's family.

My parents were somewhat annoyed by the proposed arrangement, for they feared, especially my mother, that Agatha, brought up as she had been in the midst of fashion and affluence, would be too much of a fine lady to be contented with our humble home and its simple accommodations, and might even look on its unpretending inmates with dislike and contempt. The idea was rather encouraged by the report that had reached us respecting Colonel Shelbourne, her father, who was described as an exceedingly haughty and punctilious personage. Still, the request of one so nearly connected with us could not be refused under existing circumstances, and every arrangement for her reception being made, her presence was expected with no small anxiety.

She came, and oh, how different she was to all our pre-conceived ideas of her; how she scattered all our fears and prejudices to the winds at once! In four and twenty hours she had won the heart of every creature in the house from my father down to our little spaniel Fido,—in a week she was the very idol of the village. She was not regularly beautiful, but lively and bewitching beyond all expression.—She was tall, and somewhat full in person for her age, but perfectly well made, and extremely easy and graceful in her movements. Her complexion was dazzlingly pure. I think her neck was the whitest and most exquisitely modelled I ever saw, and the pretty dimples in her shoulders actually seemed to make them smile. Her mouth was somewhat of the largest, but its full red lips and white teeth, and ever varying expression, made one call it beautiful. Her nose was not Roman, or Grecian, or of any recognised order; but if it had the fault of commonness, it was amply redeemed by a pair of clear dark brown eyes and a magnificent forehead. Her hair was abundant and rich; soft and bright as silk, but here was the only disputed point about her. Nobody could deny that it was beautiful hair, but those who envied her called it *rather reddish*, while every one else pronounced it a perfect auburn. Her hands and feet were not particularly small, but they were well-shaped, and the former were so delicately white, and the latter trod the earth 'with step so light and free,' that he must have been a ruthless critic who would have found fault with their proportions. Her disposition was just what her countenance promised—frank, kind, generous. Her temper, indeed, was somewhat warm and hasty, but then she was so easily appeased, so affectionate, so forgiving!—How dearly I loved cousin Agatha—how dearly we all loved her. It was early in spring when she came to us, and we had a long happy summer before us, for her father was not expected until autumn. Agatha and I were the only two young persons in the house, and though I was but a child, we became constant companions, never having associated much with children, and being devoted to reading, and other sedentary pursuits, I was able to converse with Agatha on many themes beyond my years, and to

me she was a delightful companion. She had none of the sickly sentiment or affected timidity of some young ladies, and she loved nothing better than rambling through the fields and lanes, wading brooks, and climbing styles.—There was just enough of the hoyden about her to assimilate her pursuits to mine, who, being as I have said of a studious turn, and moreover, of delicate constitution, desired no more athletic amusements than those in which she could join me. She had brought her harp with her, and if she did not play very scientifically, she certainly displayed wonderful taste and feeling in her performances thereon. And she sang everything—her store of songs seemed endless. Ask for what you would, she never made an excuse; her memory never failed her; she was never out of voice, and her good nature and patience were inexhaustible. She was the earliest confidant, too, (except my mother,) of my first attempts in drawing, and entered into all my ideas on the subject with keen interest. She would sit to me unweariedly for hours, and again and again did I fail in my attempts to transfer her bright and expressive countenance to my sketches.

Only one of these has survived, the one alluded to at the beginning of this chapter, and even that would give a stranger little idea of her loveliness, though it is sufficiently like to recall her image forcibly to my own mind.

But September came and with it Colonel Shelbourne,—a cold, proud, silent man; we wondered how Agatha ever came to be his daughter! She was like him, too, at times, as far as mere feature goes; but the sweet play of her countenance, the witchery of her glances, and above all, her clear glad voice were wanting in him. She had never seen him within her recollection, and though she tried to conceal the feeling, we could perceive that she was disappointed by his manner towards her. He seemed impatient to remove her from us, and the pang we naturally felt at parting with her, was increased when we reflected that she was going with him. He thanked us, it is true, for our care of her, and presented my mother with a handsome shawl, my father with a gold snuff box, and myself with a new watch, but there was no heart, no warmth in his expression of gratitude. We saw that he was sorry that circumstances had brought his fair daughter into contact with her plebeian kinsfolk, and that he felt our humble roof had been too much honored by sheltering one of his blood. He took Agatha to London, and we heard from her shortly after. She told us that it was settled they should return to India the following spring, and her letter was filled with bitter regret that she must leave England. Then came a long interval of silence, and then a letter to my mother, the outpouring of a full heart—a heart overflowing with happiness. She was not to go to India yet; she was to stay in dear blessed England another year, until Captain Lorimer, her betrothed husband, could himself conduct her thither. They would have been married at once, and have returned with her father, but

he could only remain up to a certain time, and Lorimer could not leave home till some family affairs were completely arranged. They were to be married, however, the following autumn, and then sail immediately; but ‘better than all,’ continued the letter, ‘I am to go down to Selworth (if you will take me back) and remain with you all the summer. I made papa agree to this; so, in April, dear friends, in April, I shall be with you once more, and all our happy days and pleasant rambles will be renewed.’

It may easily be imagined, that we awaited cousin Agatha's coming with very different feelings to those we had experienced previous to her first visit. We longed for the time when her sweet face should again gladden us with its smiles, and I watched for the budding of the first primroses and violets with childish impatience, for I hoped before their blossoms faded, she would be with us again. And so it was—She came with more matured loveliness—with more graceful manners—she had always looked a little older than she really was, and now the superior womanhood of her deportment accorded better with her appearance. She retained all her old love for flowers, and pets, and country walks; but other associations were now connected with these in her mind, than those fancies which had amused her when she had roamed amidst them before ‘in maiden meditation fancy free.’

But it was plain that her deepest affections, her fondest dreams were now with the absent; that every other attachment was held in subordination to one; for never have I seen a woman more completely and devotedly in love than Agatha Shelbourne. I was but a child, yet the excess of her feelings for Lorimer made me tremble for her happiness. I was too young to be in love with her myself, yet I am sure I must have been jealous of her love for another, for I could not bring myself to believe that there was any one on earth who merited such entire devotion from such a one as she was. I could not help a strange feeling of annoyance when a letter from her lover reached her; and, in spite of her glowing description of his mental and personal accomplishments, I could not believe I should ever like him.

He was to pay a visit to Selworth previous to his union with Agatha, and then to return in August and make her his bride. I certainly did not much incline to like him before I saw him, and when he did come, my dislike increased, perhaps the more that I could give no reason for it. He was a remarkably fine looking young man; his manners were those of a perfect gentleman, and his information considerable, but still I could not like him. There was a want of openness about him, and though he evidently loved Agatha to distraction, there seemed to be something almost fierce and selfish in his passion for her. He always treated me as a mere child, and no boy of four/teen likes this. Moreover, when Agatha, in the affectionate pride of her heart, showed him some of my sketches, he scarcely looked at them, and seldom deigned to address any observation to me which might not

with propriety have been addressed to a child of seven or eight years of age. Agatha, indeed, treated me with redoubled kindness, and generally—I saw Lorimer did not like it—asked me to be the companion of their walks. She wished us to be friends, but she vainly strove to impress Lorimer with the feeling that I was in any way fitted to be a companion for him. I longed to tell her of my impression that he was not worthy of her, that she would not be happy with him; but still, when I looked at that sweet bright face, or listened to her glad laugh, I could not bear to tell her what she would probably have laughed at, but I did not think so then. In the solitude of my slumber I have wept and prayed in childish agony over the presentiments that were destined, alas! to be too faithfully fulfilled.

It was on a lovely summer afternoon that Agatha, Lorimer, and myself were walking at some little distance from home along the high road which led to the county town of H—. We perceived a horseman approaching from the opposite direction, but took little notice of him until he came quite close, when Lorimer, as if suddenly recognising him, started, and became deadly pale. The gentleman, who had slackened his pace as he drew near, looked earnestly at our group—rode slowly past—paused—half turned on the saddle to gaze after us, and then, as if his mind was completely made up as to the identity of the person he thought he remembered, he galloped back and stopped beside us.—In a moment he had alighted, and, grasping Lorimer's hand with great warmth, expressed his surprise and pleasure at the unexpected meeting. It was very evident that Lorimer did not share in the latter feeling, for I never saw a man more embarrassed than he was in returning the greeting.

'Why, Lorimer my boy,' cried the gentleman, 'it is an age since I have seen you, and really you are not looking well. I suppose the thoughts of India, for I hear you are going there, have not raised your spirits. There was another *on dit* too, which of course I don't believe,—eh, Lorimer? But,' (in a lower tone,) 'I suppose this lady is—won't you introduce me to Mrs. Lorimer?'

It was Agatha's turn to be confused, and her cheeks burnt crimson, though a sweet smile played round her lips as she averted her face.

'This lady is,—is not Mrs. Lorimer,' stammered Lorimer; and then, with an effort to change the subject, he inquired where Captain Maitland was quartered, when he came, and so on.

'We only arrived three days ago, but how long we shall be kept in yonder stupid old cathedral town, heaven only knows. May I ask where you are staying?'

'Oh, close by, in the next village. I shall remain but a short time. I will call on you tomorrow, and we must say good-by for the present, as we are rather in a hurry. Farewell for the present;' and with more haste than courtesy Lorimer shook hands with his friend and left him, taking a field path to Selworth, which prevented Captain Maitland accompanying us.

'Strange,' thought that gentleman, as he remounted and rode slowly on. 'I wonder who that fine-looking woman could be. I almost fear that either she or my friend is in bad hands.'

'My dear Lorimer, you seemed wonderfully glad to get rid of your old friend,' observed Agatha, when we had walked a little way in silence, 'who may he be?'

'Oh, he's a meddlesome, impertinent fellow, one whom I should not wish you to know; indeed, dearest, I am rather sorry we met him.'

The next day brought letters for Captain Lorimer—important letters requiring his immediate presence in London. He had been unusually silent and dispirited since our encounter with Captain Maitland, but he laid the change in his manner to the account of a slight indisposition, and Agatha believed him. *I did not.* I saw plainly that there was some mystery in his conduct, which probably Captain Maitland could unravel, but I dared not give utterance to my suspicions, and I trusted that time would dispel or confirm them. Lorimer departed therefore, promising to return as soon as he could, and Agatha's light and innocent heart neither feared nor foreboded evil.

The next week there was to be a ball at H—; and the presence of a particularly aristocratic party of officers was expected to render it an uncommonly brilliant affair. Agatha was engaged to go with a lady of some consequence in the neighborhood, with whom her father had formerly been acquainted; and, in a letter written to Lorimer a day or two before, she had alluded to this coming pleasure with a mixture of gleeful anticipation and fond regret, that he, too, could not share in its delights. Probably, while revolving matters of more consequence in his mind he had forgotten this engagement, for he wrote by return of post to beg that Agatha would not think of going. She did not receive the letter, however, until the very morning of the ball, and it was then too late to avoid going, even had she been so inclined. She laughed at the implied jealousy which she imagined the request contained, and setting her mind at rest with the idea that she would explain to Lorimer how late his letter came, and how impossible it was not to go, she continued her preparations with unabated ardor. And never did she look more lovely than when dressed for that eventful ball. Her exquisitely fair skin was set off to the best advantage by a robe of the palest blue satin trimmed with magnificent lace, and the beautiful tiara of large pearls that gleamed amongst the rich masses of her hair, made her look queenly as well as lovely. I remember with what admiration I gazed on her, and how I resolved to beg that she would dress thus again, and then let me try once more to paint her. I think I see her now gliding across the sanded floor of the kitchen, which formed at once the entrance hall and the largest room in the house, and I hear her merry silvery laugh in reply to some jocular observation made by my father, as she vanished through the door near which the carriage was waiting for her. It was

the last time her laugh rang lightly on my ear—the last time her smile beamed bright with the happiness of her heart.

She was in the ball-room the most attractive of its beauties, and the lady under whose *chaperonage* she appeared, was beset with entreaties for an introduction to her fair charge.

'No, not yet; I have promised Miss Shelbourne's hand for the two first dances, and I know she will redeem my pledge. Here, Howard, Howard Maitland,' she continued, addressing an officer who approached, 'how very late you are.'

'Miss Shelbourne, my dear, help me to fulfil my engagement. This is my nephew, Captain Howard Maitland. He is most anxious to make your acquaintance.'

Agatha looked up, to look down again in sudden confusion. It was the same gentleman we had met in our walk a few days before. They danced together, not only the first two dances, but the third and the fourth, and as they danced they attended less and less to the figures, till at length they stood aside, absorbed in earnest conversation. The attention of Agatha was fully engaged, and the varying color in her cheek, and the quivering of her lip, told with what intense interest she listened to what Maitland was saying. One broken sentence alone reached the ear of a stander by:—

'And now Miss Shelbourne, let me ask—and believe me, I ask from no idle curiosity—is there truth in the report that you are engaged?'

Agatha started and almost shrieked, for a hand firmly grasped her arm, and a low voice hissed in her ear.

'Agatha, Agatha, if you listen to him; come away this moment!'

But Agatha's pride and her anxiety were both fully aroused. She shook off the hand of Lorimer, for it was he, and replied in a low but distinct voice,—

'No, Lorimer, your manner is so strange that I shall not obey you. I begin to fear that there is some passage in your life you are anxious to conceal from me; and whatever it is, I *will* know it. With your leave I shall hear what Captain Maitland was about to say.'

'If you listen to him, Agatha,' gasped Lorimer, while his face grew white with mental agony.—'if you listen but for another moment, we are both forever lost!'

Put Agatha was firm. It fortunately happened that the *chaperon* and her party were engaged at another part of the room, and at the suggestion of Maitland, he, together with Agatha and Lorimer, retired into a small apartment adjoining the ball-room, which happened to be unoccupied. Here, some explanation took place—what it was did not then transpire; but she was brought to our house the following morning in a state bordering on insensibility, and being conveyed to her room, continued for several days too ill to speak or be spoken to. No one could give an account of the affair but Maitland, and he would reveal nothing beyond the circumstance that some disagreement had taken place between Miss Shelbourne and Captain

Lorimer, who appeared suddenly at the ball and vanished again as suddenly, nor could any entreaty induce Agatha to confess the cause of their estrangement. A week passed over before I was permitted to see her, and then, oh, how changed she was! I could scarcely believe that this was the same gay creature whom I had seen as she went forth to the ball, the picture of radiant happiness. Her face was so utterly colorless—her cheeks and lips of such ashy paleness, that one might have thought her a bloodless phantom; and it was a singular feature of her case, that even when her bodily health was in a great measure restored, its hue never revisited her cheek in the slightest degree, beyond a transient flush. Her face had been remarkable before for its rich coloring, but she had lost it at once and forever. The expression of her eyes, too, was altered. Formerly they had been overflowing with life and joy—flashing their bright glances hither and thither, and flashing upon the very heart; now they had a fixed and settled expression that never varied. One week seemed to have brought on poor Agatha's body and mind the weight of fifty years.

Lorimer never re-appeared in Selworth, and Agatha received only one letter from him. It was a large packet, containing, as we supposed, her own letters and the other little tokens of affection she had given him. She took it to her own room, and shut herself up there for hours; when she came out again, we could see she had been weeping, and this was the only time that we ever saw the traces of tears on her face. We had now a new visitor in the person of Captain Maitland. He had called every day during Agatha's illness, and was at length allowed to see her. He made frequent visits to her while his regiment remained in H—, and when he left for another station, a new series of letters began to arrive. They were always received with a heavy sigh, and without any demonstration of pleasure, and frequently left unanswered, but still time wore away, and still cousin Agatha continued to receive them. At length she announced, somewhat abruptly, that her marriage would take place on the very day she had named for it, and that she should leave England at the time she had previously fixed to do so.

'I once hoped only to take a temporary leave of my friends,' said she. 'I now hope and expect that it will be forever. England is grown too painful for me. I cannot breathe freely in its air.'

The appointed day came, and Agatha left our little village church, the bride of Captain Maitland. There was no blush on her cheek, no shrinking of her frame during the ceremony—her voice sounded almost harsh and stern as she repeated the necessary responses. Even the bridegroom looked astonished at her bearing; it had no trace of womanly emotion; its chief characteristic was an air, not of composure, but of firm resolution. The newly married pair set out at once for London, and a few weeks after sailed for India. She had made it the chief condition of their marriage, that Captain Maitland

should take her thither. Surely he must have loved her passionately, or he would not have exchanged his bright home prospects for uncertain ones in India. But they went, and though an occasional letter reached us, from Agatha, containing a few brief lines, many years passed before we heard any thing definite respecting her. Long, long years, and yet nothing had occurred to unravel the mystery on which we had scarcely dared to question her. The general impression at the time was, that jealousy had caused the separation between Agatha and Lorimer, and that Howard Maitland had been a favored rival. We who knew her intimately, felt that it was not so, but we were as far as a stranger could be from solving the riddle.

Long years! my parents both slumbered in the dust, and I myself had known the pang of early love cruelly disappointed. My first, my only love—the only one beloved with that deep affection that springs from the heart, not the fancy, had been taken from me by a lingering decline. My mental sufferings on that occasion had injured my health, and prevented me from pursuing my profession as usual, and I had retired to Selworth to gather, if possible, strength both for my mind and body, before returning to my ordinary pursuits. It was there I received a letter from my cousin Agatha, and to my great surprise, dated from London. She had come thither in order to place her two children at school, and she wished me to procure her lodgings near Selworth. She described herself as wretchedly out of health, and her whole letter bespoke deep despondency. I wrote immediately in reply, begging her to come at once, and to make my house her home so long as it should suit her to do so.

Agatha had been fearfully changed before she left England by her sudden and crushing sorrow; but there was now hardly a trace of her former self remaining. Her whole form seemed shrunken and withered; her delicate complexion utterly destroyed; her eyes sunken, and the redundant tresses which used to wave so gracefully about her head, were replaced by false braids and a cap. So was no longer beautiful, and seemed already an old woman. The past appeared all a dream—there was no identity between this faded feeble woman, and the bright happy girl who used to shed around her a perpetual sunshine. There was a languid fretfulness about her manner that jarred strangely on my feelings, and I saw with sorrow, that the sweetness and buoyancy of her temper, were totally gone. She was the first to speak of the past. I had never alluded to it—but she spoke of it freely and fully.

‘You have not, perhaps, heard that Captain Lorimer is dead,’ she observed, and I started to hear his name from her lips in a tone of such composure. ‘If it had been otherwise, you would not have seen me in England; for from the moment I left it I vowed never to set foot in the country whose air he breathed. I doubt not, Edmund, that you have often wondered why I was silent as to the cause of our separation, but at the time it took place, it seemed to

me too dreadful, too utterly horrible to be spoken of. Edmund, at the very time Lorimer was pouring his vows into my delighted ear, at the very time he was using every art to win my affection—the first affection of an innocent unsuspecting girl—at that very time he was the husband of another. There—I have spoken it at last—he was the husband of another! Let me breathe—let me breathe freely, and I will tell you the particulars of the affair, as far as I know them.

‘From the time our acquaintance commenced, he seemed to be inspired with a passion for me, but there was something gloomy and strange about him at times—a shadow crossing his brow in the very midst of gaiety, for which I was at a loss to account. I knew at once he loved me, and I returned his love with my whole heart. You know how free from all disguise I used to be, and you will easily suppose that Lorimer must soon have been aware that our affection was mutual.

‘Yet it was long before he spoke of love—at least to me, whose whole heart was his before he asked it—it seemed that his delay was interminable. He frequently left town for three or four days, and at every parting my heart throbbed with hope, that the expected avowal would come; but still the opportunity passed, and though his looks were eloquent, his lips were silent. But he returned from one of these excursions an altered man. His face was no longer gloomy, his manner no more reserved—the seal was removed from his heart, and its feelings gushed forth in words. My father approved of our engagement; for Lorimer was of a noble family, and had excellent prospects. Oh, Edmund, those were happy days!

‘There was still one strange circumstance about his conduct. Nothing could induce him to agree to remain in England. His present fortune and future prospects at home rendered it quite unnecessary for him to seek his fortune abroad, but he seemed to have an unconquerable desire to visit India, and go he would. My father did not offer any opposition to the plan, for it was natural that he should wish to have his only child as near him as he could, and as to me, if I were only with Lorimer, I did not care in what country in the wider world my lot might be cast.

‘Oh, that love was the summer of my life—and the memory of its light and beauty haunts me, as the summer of his own land must come back upon the memory of him who wanders in the regions of eternal sorrows! My winter! I upon me in an hour, and nothing on earth can bring freshness and sunshine again to my desolate heart.

‘You know how I made the discovery so fatal to my peace. You know that Howard Maitland revealed that woeful truth that pierced my heart like a sword. It seemed that he was almost confident of Lorimer’s marriage, which had taken place three or four years before. It was kept strictly secret; for the woman he had wedded was of very low birth, though I believe, exceedingly beautiful. Maitland had

never seen her, but he and Lorimer had been friends from childhood, and he was in possession of the secret. The wife to whom Lorimer had bound himself was almost entirely uneducated—and as he found to his cost, of a particularly bad temper. She had no children to strengthen the tie between them—and at the time I first met him, he was heartily tired of her. Then it was he saw all he had lost by his early rashness, for he loved me at once, selfishly I own, but madly and passionately as man could love. And I was his equal in birth, and fortune and education, and might have been his, but for the fatal barrier his own hand had raised between us. Surely it was the spirit of evil that prompted the thought that it might be removed. This plan was formed at once; he offered the unfortunate wife whom he loved no longer, an ample settlement if she would still conceal the fact of their marriage. For a length of time his entreaties, urged both personally and by letter, were unavailing; but at last he wrung from her a promise, that while a considerable annuity was actually paid her she would keep the secret. Still he felt that he would be safer in a foreign land than in his own country; and hence his great anxiety to go out to India. Capt. Maitland was on the continent during these transactions, and Lorimer's design was, on his return home, to inform him that his former wife was dead. This story might have obtained credence but for the manifest confusion with which Lorimer recognised Maitland at their unexpected meeting. It seems that Lorimer called on Maitland on the subsequent day; and told him that his wife had died some months before; but though Maitland made no observations on the subject, he was not satisfied, and Lorimer must have suspected that he was not. Lorimer went to London, and Maitland set off at once for the place where the family of Eliza Harris, the wife, resided. He found she was *not* dead, and returning with all speed, he took that opportunity the assembly at H—— afforded of putting me on my guard. Oh, Edmund, I sometimes scarcely know whether I am thankful or not that the warning was given. It is an evil thought, yet sometimes it will come into my mind, that if the discovery had not been made, I might have been happy with him in another land—innocently happy in my ignorance of the truth, and surely he could not have been more wretched then, than he was in losing me! Her voice faltered, and she wept bitterly.

'Dear, dear Agatha,' said I, 'do not speak so wildly—surely you must be thankful that the providence of God saved you from destruction. Think, if years afterwards, the secret had been known what would have been your situation.'

'It is true, all true,' she replied, mournfully, 'but I will tell you all the truth; I did not love Maitland. I was bound to be grateful to him, and he had a right to a reward. The boon he claimed was my hand, and I had no right of refusal. But I told him I had no love for him,

such as a wife should feel,—I told him that, with all his errors, Lorimer was still dearer to me than all the world besides, and that I could not promise even to try to conquer that vain affection. But still he besought me to be his, and I promised, on the condition that he would at once make such arrangements as would enable him to take me to India.

'Well, I have been his wife for years, and I cannot say that Maitland has ever been otherwise than kind to me. But though I have acquired a sort of habitual affection for him, I cannot but feel that that fearful night of the discovery set the seal on my destiny, and dried up the spring of happiness in my heart for ever. My husband's kind words fall on an insensible ear. My children's smiles and their winning prattle are pleasant to me; but they do not seem to reach my heart. There is an uneasy spot—a deep and hopeless aching that nothing can put away. The news of Lorimer's death first seemed to rouse me to something like emotion. Strange to say it brought me hope—the hope of revisiting my own land. I had determined never to return there while there was a possibility of encountering him again, and judging by my shattered health, and his far stronger constitution, it seemed extremely improbable that I should survive him. But my foreboding has been false; he is no more—and I am again in England. Had it been otherwise, I should have consigned my children to the care of some homeward bound friend, and most likely should soon have perished in the climate which has already made such inroads on my constitution. And now that I have opened my heart to you, dear Edmund, I feel better; it seems as if the old times had come back again—as if the dark past were but a dream—and that we were almost children again!'

There was relief in the long fit of weeping that followed her recital, and I was glad to perceive in a few days that much of her composure and a little of her old cheerfulness had returned. She remained some months in Selworth, long after I had returned to London. She rejoined me there in the ensuing spring, and stayed with me a short time previous to sailing again for India, and I was thankful to perceive that her health was much improved, and that she was more of the Agatha of former days than she had been since her disappointment. Her spirit appeared resigned and even cheerful, and she responded heartily to my wish that she might be spared to revisit England; and that I might yet see her again. Alas! this hope was not to be realized! I heard of her safe arrival in India, and received one letter from her, written in a far more happy tone than I could have hoped for. I heard no more of her for many months, and then came a letter sealed with black, and directed in a strange hand. She had commenced it, but her husband had finished it—cousin Agatha was dead.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART XV.—CHAPTER XXV.

RELATES THE ADVENTURES OF A DAY.

The curate and his daughter arrived at George's residence that very evening, and were received most warmly by Julia and Helen, who were really delighted to see them.

'Oh! I am so glad that you are come!' exclaimed Julia. 'George will be home presently: I expect him every moment.'

'He is well, I hope?' inquired the curate.

Oh quite!—he enjoys excellent health, and is in such spirits!—He will be so pleased to find you here!

'The pleasure will be mutual,' said the curate, 'for I believe him to be an excellent young man.'

Julia bowed, and leaving Helen to entertain him, retired with Lydia, who scarcely uttered an irrational sentence, although the change of scene had evidently been productive of some excitement.

While they were promoting the growth of that affection for each other, which had taken deep root at their first meeting, Fred arrived with a note from George, of which the contents were to the effect, that he had been most unexpectedly summoned on highly important business, which would in all probability detain him two days. Fred, of course, knew the purport of this note: he had just come from George, to whom he had given a solemn promise that he would not utter a syllable, having reference to the real state of the case, and when he delivered it to Julia, he did so with a preface which was strictly in accordance with its contents.

'Oh dear how very tiresome!' cried Julia, having read this note, which was written in a deeply affectionate strain. 'Dear me how unfortunate! Oh! this business!—this business.'

She then handed the note to the Curate, and cross-examined Fred on the subject, and when a variety of analogous cases had been given with the view of illustrating that indisputable fact, that 'business must be attended to' they wisely settled down for the evening with the full determination to enjoy the utmost of each other's society.

Helen, however, who had never ceased to think of the advertisement, suspected that all was not right. She could not understand—nay, she could not conceive, why such an advertisement as that should appear; and when she reflected upon the character of Tynte in connection with the fact of George's name being publicly associated with his, her mind was filled with apprehensions: she indeed felt convinced that something dreadful had occurred, and although she neither communicated her suspicions to Julia, nor appeared to be less gay than usual, she was throughout the evening in reality wretched.

In the morning, when all were assembled at breakfast, Julia proposed a walk, and solicited

Fred, who had been specially invited, to accompany them; but as he had promised to call upon George, he endeavored to excuse himself on the ground of having an appointment, stating, of course, that he should otherwise have felt most happy.

But Julia was not disposed to receive this excuse.

'What tiresome creatures you men of business are, to be sure!' she exclaimed, 'you are perpetually engaged. But is this appointment now really imperative?'

'Indeed it is,' replied Fred; but I shall probably not be detained five minutes.'

'Have you far to go?'

'Yes, some considerable distance.'

'Well, we must endeavor during that five minutes, to spare you. We can accompany you there of course, and then you can rejoin us. If even anything should occur to detain you, we shall have the protection of at least one gentleman! Can we manage it in that way?'

Fred was afraid to offer any opposition. He therefore acceded to the proposal at once, regretting the circumstance of his having made the appointment, and promising to be absent a very short time.

Now during the interval which occurred between the time this arrangement was made and that at which they were ready to start, Tynte had his suspicions of Joseph's treachery reawakened by the appearance of Sir Richard. He was at the time at the window of one of the rooms which he occupied, and saw the knight, whom he recognised instantly, making for the house. He therefore armed himself with the poker—this only weapon at hand—and resolving not to be captured without at least making a desperate effort to escape, took his station upon the stairs, ready to knock down the very first man who might venture to approach.

These precautions were however, unnecessary. The object of Sir Richard was not to capture him. He had called merely in order to consult his friend Joseph on the expediency of abandoning the indictment for conspiracy, and taking another step which his attorney had suggested, and of which the result, if successful, would be far more serious to George, whose destruction alone he sought to compass. Still Tynte kept on guard, nor would he relinquish his post for an instant until Sir Richard had quitted the house, when he went down to Joseph, inspired with the spirit of vengeance, poker in hand.

'Now,' said he firmly, 'the time has arrived for us to come to a settlement, take your seat in that chair!'

Joseph hesitated, feeling exceedingly alarmed. 'Sit down!' shouted Tynte, striking the table with the poker, and splitting it completely across, 'Instantly! or you measure your length on the floor.'

Joseph trembled, but sat down, and when he had done so, Tynte took a seat immediately op-

posite, with the head of the poker resting upon his knee.

'Now! Who was that?' he demanded with a most ferocious aspect.

'Oh!' replied Joseph very tremulously 'that! Oh! that was Sir Richard Roughall!'

'I know it! And so you have betrayed me.'

'No, no! On my honor!'

'Your honor! Treacherous villain!'

'Indeed! If you'll believe me!'

'I will not believe you.'

'I have not—I have not indeed!'

'You have not! Then how came he here?'

'He called to speak about Julian! indeed nothing more!'

'But how came he to call upon you?—you who are so perfect a stranger to his proceedings—so utterly ignorant of the manner in which he means to act?'

'I don't know—I don't indeed—I really don't know. I suppose he heard that I had some knowledge of Julian—I presume that that is the reason why he called.'

'I don't believe a single word of it! You know each other well! He and you have been concocting some scheme for my destruction.'

'No! indeed we have not!'

'I know you have! I'm sure of it!'

'If you'll not believe me, when I tell you that your name was never mentioned, what am I to do?'

'Speak the truth!'

'I do speak the truth!'

'It is false! You know every word of it to be false! I'll not murder you now,' he added with an intensity of expression quite appalling.

'But I could!'

'Murder me!'

'Aye! But I'll first prove your treachery beyond all doubt. If I find that you *have* sold, or even *mean* to sell me in any way, you're a dead man. And now let me know now he has proceeded against Julian. What step has he taken?'

'I believe he has indicted him.'

'Believe! You know he has! And for what?'

'I believe for conspiracy.'

'With whom? Am I included in that indictment?'

'O no, I should say not—certainly not, I should think.'

'I'll be satisfied on that point at once.'

'You'd better not leave the house! You may be taken!'

'Then you know that I am included?'

'Upon my word, I do not. But you'll remember he has offered a reward for your apprehension!'

'I'll take my chance of that. I *will* be satisfied; and if I should find that I *am* in the indictment—'

'You'll say that is my fault, no doubt, altho' I've had no more to do with it than the child unborn.'

'That I'll ascertain.'

'But be advised! Let me prevail upon you not to run the risk. Let me go!'

'No: I'll not trust you. I'll go myself.'

Whereupon he left the house to the bitter mortification of Joseph, who in an hour from that time would have had him secured.

After a most agreeable, walk, during which a variety of scenes occurred to attract the curate's astonishment, Julia and her party reached Clerkenwell-green, and as Fred was of course anxious to enter the prison unperceived, he led them past the church towards 'Hicks's Hall,' at the entrance of which many persons were standing.

As this scene appeared to excite their curiosity, they crossed, but they had no sooner done so than the curate, who was behind Fred, Julia, and Helen, rushed past them exclaiming, 'There he is! There he is! That bad man! There, there he is!' and seizing a person who had just left the Hall by the throat, held him firmly against the lamp-post.

Lydia flew towards her father to restrain him, while Helen shrieked and almost fainted.

It was Tynte! and Fred no sooner heard his name uttered, than for more than one reason he disengaged his arms with the view of securing the wretch; but before he could reach him he broke from the curate's grasp, and flew round the corner in an instant. Fred pursued him, and he dashed down a thickly-inhabited hole called Mutton-hill, knocking down every person and every thing which stood in his way.—Fred still followed, shouting to the persons ahead to stop him, but he dashed past them all, and on reaching the opposite verge of the hole, turned to the left towards Field-lane, and in an instant disappeared!

Fred was now at fault. No spectre could have vanished with greater facility. He had evidently darted into one of the houses; but which? The whole of the doors were open, and Fred made inquiries at several; but no: they had seen no such person—of course! they knew nothing whatever about him; when Fred having lost all scent without the most remote prospect of finding it again there, retraced his steps panting with somewhat more energy than pleasure.

On returning to the point from which he had started, he found the curate most earnestly engaged in explaining to the multitude—by whom he and the ladies were surrounded—the whole of the circumstances connected with the case. He was highly excited, and trembled with violence, but Fred of course soon put a stop to the harangue; albeit, the curate still deemed it incumbent upon him—with a view to his own justification—to put the mob in possession of the whole of the facts.

Having escaped from the crowd, Fred, finding that the ladies were exceedingly nervous and faint, proposed to enter, that which appeared to be the only respectable tavern on the green, and as this proposition, under the circumstances seemed to meet their views, he at once led them towards it.

They had, however, scarcely reached the door when Fred met his cousin, in company with one to whom Julia, on the instant flew, exclaiming, 'My father!'

Joseph passed on, and Sir Richard would have

followed his example, but Julia clung to him so firmly, that although he made several violent efforts to shake her off, he was utterly unable to do so.

'Father!' she exclaimed in a tone which thrilled through every heart save that which ought to have felt it most acutely, 'Dear father!—hear me!—pray hear me!—but for a moment!'

'Stand off!' cried Sir Richard, as he struggled to disengage himself, 'Away!'

'Oh! forgive me, dear father!—forgive me!'

'Never!' he exclaimed, and throwing her violently from him, turned away as Fred caught her in his arms.

'My dear sir!' cried the curate, closely following Sir Richard, as Fred bore Julia into the tavern. 'My dear sir!—But one word!—You are a Christian!—My dear sir!—'

'Mind your own business!' shouted Sir Richard, fiercely, as he continued to walk after Joseph.

'But my dear sir!—Allow me!—As you hope to be forgiven!—'

'Be off!'

'But as you are a Christian—'

'Oh! don't bother me!'

'But my dear sir!' continued the curate, still following him zealously up. 'But one moment! I myself am a father—'

'Have n't I told you to be off! What do you want? Do you want to pick my pocket?'

The curate was dumb, and having stood as if fixed to the earth, looking after Sir Richard until he was quite lost to view, he sincerely hoped that heaven would forgive him, and returned to the tavern amazed.

Julia was for some time insensible: the shock she had received was indeed most severe, and when, by virtue of restoratives, consciousness returned, she felt perhaps more deeply wounded than at first. Helen too suffered acutely, and while Lydia appeared to be lost in wonder, the curate seemed to look upon it all as a dream.

'I wish I had had sufficient strength,' he observed, when he had taken two glasses of sherry, 'I would certainly have held him until I had given him into the custody of some constable.'

'What, Tynte you mean?' observed Fred.

'No, I don't mean Tynte, although I must say he behaved very ill when he asked me if I wanted to pick his pocket—forsooth!—I mean Richardson.'

'Aye! the man whom you seized?'

'Exactly.'

'Well, that is Tynte. The other is Sir Richard, Mrs. Julian's father.'

'Oh! he took me for a pick-pocket. Ah!—Well! we are taught to avoid judging from appearances.'

'Where is Charles, papa?' inquired Lydia

'Why did you allow him to leave you again?'

'He should not have left, my child, if I could possibly have helped it.'

'He ought not to have gone away.'

'Nor should he, my dear, had I possessed sufficient strength to detain him. But,' he added, addressing Fred confidentially, 'what is he?'

Fred held up his hand to enjoin silence, and having intimated to him privately that he would explain all anon, filled his glass, which the curate, without giving the wine a thought, at once emptied.

As the ladies were now comparatively tranquil, Fred reminded them of his appointment, which, during the excitement, they had forgotten altogether, and having explained to them that it was long passed the hour, the chances were, that he should not be detained beyond a very few minutes, he promised to return as soon as possible, and went through the churchyard to call upon George.

During the whole of the morning, as Fred fully anticipated, George had been in a state of the most painful suspense. He had been utterly unable to imagine why Fred had not come at the hour proposed, and was inclined to be angry with him when he did arrive, for it had very naturally appeared to him to be, under the circumstances, cruel neglect.

When, however, Fred had related to him the substance of all that had occurred, he was perfectly satisfied, although the new train of thought which that relation induced, caused Fred to be apprehensive that he was not.

'I assure you, Mr. Julian,' said he, while laboring under this misapprehension, 'that all I did was for the best, notwithstanding it has proved to be so singularly unfortunate.'

'Unfortunate!' cried George, 'not at all! I consider the fact of your having brought them into the neighborhood, although I certainly should not have advised the step, to be one of the most fortunate things that could possibly have occurred. It has been the means of conveying to me more information than I could have hoped in any other way to obtain, with reference both to your affair and my own. First, with respect to Tynte; we now know that he was the man who removed the name from the register; that he is at once Charles Richardson, and our valuable correspondent O. P. Q.; and then as regards your cousin Joseph, it is now more than ever clear, that he was Tynte's employer, while the fact of your having met him with Sir Richard, plainly proves that he is at the bottom of these atrocious proceedings against me. But do you think, Fred, that Julia has the slightest suspicion of anything being wrong?'

'I am sure that she has not.'

'Thank heaven! And she recovered, you say, before you left?'

'Oh yes; and appeared to be comparatively in good spirits.'

'Poor girl! Did he strike her?'

'No; he merely threw her from him.'

'The brute! Well, well. Return to them, Fred; don't stop another moment. You need not come here again. No; be with them as much as possible. But I shall keep you all day! There, adieu. God bless you! I shall be home as early as possible to-morrow. Good bye—good bye! For Heaven's sake be on your guard.'

Fred then returned to the tavern, and having sent for a coach, the party proceeded immediately home.

The Death of De Soto.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Author of "The Brothers," "Cromwell," &c.

But wind me in a banner bright,
A banner of Castile;
And let the war drums round me roll;
The trumpets o'er me peal,
And bury me at noon of night,
When zone is the sultry gleam—
At noon of night—by torches' light,
In the Mississippi stream. [OLD BALLAD.

It was the evening of a sultry day, sultry almost beyond endurance, although the season had not advanced beyond the early spring-time—the sun, though shrouded from human eyes by a dense veil of moist and clammy vapor, was pouring down a flood of intolerable heat upon pathless cane-brakers—the deep bayous haunts of the voracious and unseemly alligator, and the forests steaming with excess of vegetation, through which the endless river rolled its dark current.

On a steep bluff projecting into the bosom of the waters, at the confluence of some nameless tributary, and the vast Mississippi, stood the dwelling of the first white man that ever trod those boundless solitudes. It was a wide and shapeless edifice of logs, hewn from the cypresses and cedars of the swamp, which lay outstretched for a thousand miles around, by hands unused to aught of base or menial labor;—yet were there certain marks of comfort, and even of luxury to be traced in the decorations and appliances of that log-cabin; a veil of sea-green silk was drawn across the aperture which perforated the mossy timbers of the wall; a heavy drapery of crimson velvet decked with a fringe and embroidery of gold was looped up to the low lintels, as if to admit whatever breath of air might sweep along the channel of the river. Nor were these all—a lofty staff was pitched before the door, from which drooped in gorgeous folds the yellow banner, rich with the castled blazonry of Spain, and beside it a tall warrior, sheathed from head to heel in burnished armor, with gilded spur and belted-brand, stalked to and fro, as though he were on duty upon some tented plain in his own land of chivalry and song. At a short distance in the rear might be observed a camp, if by that name might be designated a confused assemblage of huts, suited for the accommodation of five hundred

men; horses were picqueted around; spears decked with pennon and pennoncel and all the bravery of knightly warfare were planted before the dwellings of their owners; sentinels in gleaming mail paced their accustomed rounds. But in that strange encampment there was no mirth, no bustle—not even the low hum of converse or the note of preparation. The soldiers glided to and fro with humbled gait and sad demeanor—the very chargers drooped their proud heads to the ground, and appeared to lack sufficient animation to dash aside the swarms of venomous flies that flattened, as it seemed, upon their very life blood—the huge blood hounds, those dread auxiliaries of Spanish warfare, of which a score or two were visible among the cabins, lay slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged themselves along after the heels of their masters with slouching crests, and in attitudes widely different from the fierce activity of their usual motions. Pestilence and famine were around them—on the thick and breezeless air—on the dark waters—in the deep morass, and in the vaults of the pine forest, the seeds of death were floating—avengers of the luckless tribes already scattered or enslaved by the iron arm of European war. Oh! how did they pine for the clear streams of Guadalquivir, or the viny banks of Xeres—for the breezy slopes of the Alpuharas, or the snow-clad summits of their native Sierras—those fated followers of the DEMON GOLD. How did their recollections doat upon the waving palms, and orange groves—the *hueras*, and the meads of fair Granada; In vain, in vain! Of all those gallant hundreds who had leaped in confidence and hope from their proud brigantines upon the glowing shores of Florida glittering in polished steel and very gallant with silk upon silk,* who had traversed the wild country of the Appalachians, who had seen the gleam of Spanish arms, reflected from the black streams of Alabama, who had made the boundless prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed notes of the castilian trumpet—who had spread the terrors of the Spanish name with all

* Banero's History of the United States.

its barbarous accompaniments of havoc and slaughter—through wilds untrod before by feet of civilized man. Of all those gallant hundreds, but a weak and wasted moiety was destined to reach the shores of their far father-land; and that, not as they had fondly deemed in the pride, the exultation, and all the wealth of conquest, but in want, weariness and wo.

The arrows of the savage, and the yet fiercer arrows of the plague, dearly repaid the injuries that they had wreaked already on the wretched natives—dearly repaid, too, as it were, by anticipation—the wrongs that their children and their children's children should wreak in long prospective on the forest-dwelling of the West,

There in that lowly hut—there lay the proud est spirit—the bravest heart—the mightiest intellect—the favorite comrade of Pizarro—the joint-conqueror of Peru! There lay Hernan de Soto, his fiery energies even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame—his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye, that had flashed the more brilliantly, the deadlier was the peril—dim and filmy; his high heart sick—sick and fearful, not for himself, not for his followers—his hopes of conquest—fame, dominion gone like the leaves of autumn! There he lay miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world—a world never destined to bless him or his posterity with its redundant riches.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to do battle for a crown, but their frames were gaunt and emaciated;—their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body; their eyes wet with the tears of bitterness. The dark-cowled priests had ministered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched in breathless silence the parting of his spirit.—An Indian maiden, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of Old Castile, leaned over his pillow wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of voracious insects that thronged the tainted air. There was not a sound in the crowded chambers, save the occasional whinnings of a tall hound, the noblest of his race, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible. The silken veil fluttered inwards, and a

heavy rustling sound was audible from without; as the huge fold of the banner swayed in the rising breeze. A sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber, and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Wearily, and with a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

'Moscoso,' he said; 'Moscoso, art thou near me—my eyes wax dim, and it will soon be over? Art there, for I would speak with thee?'

'Noble De Soto, I am beside thee,' he replied. 'Say on—I hear and mark thee!'

'Give me thy hand!'—then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high and continued in clear and unfaltering tone though evidently with an effort. 'True friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own—by this right hand, I do adjure thee, to observe and obey these my last mandates!'

'Shall I swear it?' cried the stern warrior whom he addressed, in a tone and voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement; 'shall I swear it?'

'Swear not, Moscoso!—leave oaths to paltry burghers and to cringing vassal—but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castillian noble; so shall I die in peace!'

'By the unblemished honor of a Castillian noble—as I am a bora hidalgo, and a belted knight, I promise thee, in spirit and in truth,—in deed and word, and thought, to do thy bidding!'

'Then, by this token,'—and he drew a massive ring from his own wasted hand, and placed it on the finger of Moscoso, 'then, by this token, do I name thee my successor—thou, the leader of the host, and captain-general of Spain!—Sound trumpets, heralds, make proclamation! A moment or two elapsed, and the wild flourish of the trumpets was heard without, and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation—they ceased—but there was no shout of triumph or applause. 'Ha! by St. Jago!' cried the dying chief, 'Ha! by St. Jago—but this must not be—'tis ominous and evil!—Go forth, thou, Vasco! and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this their loyal leader.

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was with a feeblér voice.

'I am going,' he said, 'I am going, whence there is no return!—Now mark me; by your

plighted word I do command you; battle no further—strive with the fates no further—for the fates are adverse!—Conquer not thou this region—for I have conquered it, and it is mine! Mine, mine—though dying! Mine it shall be, though dead!—March to the coast as best ye may—build ye such vessels as shall bear ye from the main, and save this remnant of my people! Wilt thou do this—as thou hast pledged thyself to do it, noble Moscoso?

‘By all my hopes, I will!’

‘Me, then, me shall ye bury thus! Not with lamentations—not with womanish tears—not with vile sorrow—but with rejoicing anthem—with the blare of the trumpet, and the stormy music of the drum! Ye shall sheath me in my mail—with my helmet on my head, and my spur on my heel!—with my sword in my hand shall ye bury me—and with a banner of Castile for my shroud!—In the depths of the river—of my river—shall ye bury me! with lighted torch and volleyed musketry at the mid hour of night! For am I not a conqueror—a conqueror of a world—a conqueror with none to brave my arm, or to gainsay my bidding? Where,—where is the man, savage or civilized—christian or heathen—Indian or Spaniard, who hath defied Hernan De Soto, and not perished from the earth? Death is upon me—death from the Lord of earth and heaven! To him do I submit me—but to mortal, never!’

Even as he spoke, a warder entered the low door-way, and whispered a brief message to Moscoso. Slight as were the sounds, and dim as waxed the senses of De Soto, he marked the entrance of the soldier, and eagerly inquired the purport of the news.

‘A messenger,’ was the reply, ‘an Indian runner from the Natchez!’

‘Admit him, he bears submission—admit him, so shall I die with triumph in my heart!’

The Indian entered, a man of stern features, and of well-nigh giant stature; his head, shaven to the chivalrous scalp-lock, was decked with the plumes of the war eagle, mingled with the feathers of a gayer hue—his throat was circled by a necklace, strung from the claws of the grizzly bear and congar—fearfully mixed with tufts of human hair—his lineaments were covered with the black war-paint—in one hand he bore the crimson war-pipe, and in the other, the well-known emblem of Indian hostility, a bundle of shafts bound in the skin of the rattle-snake! With a noiseless step he crossed the chamber,

he flung the deadly gift upon the death-bed of De Soto—he raised the red-pipe to his lips—he puffed the smoke, and then, in wild accents of his native tongue, bore to the Spaniards the defiance of his tribe, concluding his speech with the oft heard and unforgotten cadences of the war-whoop!

As the dying leader caught the raised tone of the Indian’s words, his eye had lightened, and his brow contracted into a withering frown! He knew the import of his speech by the modulation of his voice—his lip quivered—his chest heaved, his hands clutched the thin coverlid, as though they were grappling to the lance or rapier. The wild notes of the war-whoop rang through his ears—and in death—in death itself, the ruling passion was prevalent—manifestly terribly prevalent!

He sprang to his feet, his form dilating, and his features flashing with all the energies of life. ‘St. Jago!’ he shouted, ‘for Spain!—for Spain! Soto and victory!’ and with an impotent effort to strike, he fell flat upon his face at the feet of the Indian, who had provoked his dying indignation! They raised him; but a flood of gore had gushed from his eyes, mouth and ears,—he had burst some one of the larger vessels, and, was already lifeless ere he struck the ground!

The sun had even now sunk below the horizon, and, ere the preparations for his funeral had been completed, it was already midnight. Five hundred torches of the resinous pine tree flashed with their crimson reflections, on the turbid water, as the barks glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowed priests, with pix and crucifix, and steaming censor, floated in the van, making the vaulted heaven to echo the high notes of the *Te Deum*, chanted in lieu of the mournful *misereere* over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

But as the canoe came onward in which the corse was placed—seated erect as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders, the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle-drum, and the Spanish war-cry—‘St. Jago for De Soto and for Spain!’—and the crash of the volleying arquebuses might be heard, startling the wild beasts, and the wilder Indians, of the forest for leagues around.

There was a pause—a deep, deep pause—a sullen splash—and every torch was instantly extinguished.—‘The discoverer of the Mississippi, slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold,

and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place.*

* Bancroft's History.—Portuguese Religion.

PAINTING ON GLASS.

The present state of the Art in France.

FROM A FRENCH JOURNAL.

For some years past a noble emulation, having for its object the embellishment and restoration of Christian temples, has evinced itself everywhere.

Thanks to the combined efforts of the inspectors of public monuments appointed by Government, and of the various archaeological societies, a number of edifices, precious as regards our national history, have already been wrested from the Vandalism of ignorance and the rapacity of speculators.

Among those monuments stained glass, which reproduces in so *naïf* a manner subjects historical or religious, the insignia of corporations, and the armorials of our old nobility, indisputably occupies one of the first ranks, and it is therein that we have the greatest losses to deplore—Some of our old cathedrals still possess, indeed, some admirable fragments; but a vast number of churches are wholly deprived of them, and the inspectors have long been applying for the means of restoring them. Perhaps the hesitation evinced in entrusting important works to the artists of our day proceeds from the popular notion that the processes of our forefathers are lost, and that they never can be equalled. Yet, if we follow the several stages of the art of staining glass, from its origin down to our days, it can be easily proved that the tradition of the processes used by the ancient painters on glass has reached us without any interruption, and that the alleged secrets which some artists wish to avail themselves of, serve but to cover an impudent *charlatanisme*.

Painting on glass is but the art of representing a subject on glass colored in the *masse*, by the means of colors that may be vitrified applied with the brush, and baked *à la moufle*—Stained glass, properly so called, is to be traced to the twelfth century only. Before that period, churches were ornamented with mosaic windows or compartments formed by an assemblage of glass colored in the *masse*, and united by the means of a leaden setting. The glassmakers of those times were contented to imitate the mosaic pavements, with which most churches were ornamented.

The art was in its infancy, and a fact worth noting, is, that in the eighteenth century, the period when painting on glass was abandoned, that came to pass which we observed at its origin—special artists were wanting, and it became

necessary to entrust the restoration of church windows to common glaziers, who, unable to do better, reproduced compartments in plain colored glass, and very frequently even in white glass.

After the revolution of 1789, most of our churches were thus restored, and it is now very difficult to determine rectors and vestries to remove ornaments of so bad a taste, and substitute for them real stained glass.

The old-stained glass remaining to us, is that with which Sugar ornamented the Abbey of St. Denis, in 1140; that of the Cathedral of Bourges, and that of the choir of the Cathedral of Lyons.

The rudeness of those paintings of the twelfth century bears witness to the slow progress of the art.

The taste for stained glass increased much in the thirteenth century; if the design was still rude, the effect of the colored grounds was admirable. The lateral *rosaces* of the church of Notre Dame at Paris, and the windows of the Sainte Chapelle, are perhaps the most marvelous specimens as regards effect and the magic of colors.

In the course of the fourteenth century the art improved considerably, and it was principally at that period that the figures of donors and their armorials were represented in the church windows. King Charles V. conferred magnificent privileges upon the glass painters who lived under his reign, and the stained glass of the churches of St. Severin and the Celestins at Paris afford evidence of the notable improvements introduced into the making of colored glass. It is to be regretted that history has not handed down to us the names of the skillful artists who produced that stained glass which, after a lapse of so many centuries, still excites our admiration.

The fifteenth century, in which, John of Bruges, Henry Mallein, Albert Durer, and Lucas of Leyden flourished, was one of the brightest periods in the annals of painting on glass.—‘Then,’ says Leveil, ‘perspective became the principal study of the best painters; the most graceful sites and finest nature was the object of their imitation. The glass painters, under the guidance of Albert Durer, who was one of them, and who had just given a treatise on perspective labored to profit by it. Then it was that the figures were seen to step agreeably out of those

niches in architecture delicately painted on glass, and of a new taste, at length, the sixteenth century carried glass painting to the highest degree of perfection. Stained glass was a faithful re-production of the beautiful designs of the immortal painters of that period—designs which may, perhaps, be rivalled, but never will be surpassed. Raphael, Primatice, Jean Cousin, and a host of other artists of lesser note, enriched all Europe with *chefs d'œuvres*, the remaining vestiges of which still enables us to judge of their perfection.

If the commencement of the sixteenth century beheld the greatest glory of glass-staining, the close of the same century also beheld its decline, which must be ascribed to many causes.

The first to be pointed out is the perfection of the art of drawing. 'The same cause to which painting on glass was most indebted for its progress,' says the author of the *Encyclopædia Moderne*, 'soon contributed powerfully to its decline. The perfection of the fresco, or oil picture, with which the churches were ornamented, required a brighter and purer light for the appreciation of its beauties; from that moment it became necessary to substitute panes of white glass for stained glass. The taste for stained glass declined, therefore, in proportion to the progress of oil painting, and ultimately disappeared completely in most countries of Europe.'

Another cause of the decline of painting on glass at the end of the sixteenth century is to be found in the almost innumerable multitude of glass painters who existed at that period, and, as was justly observed even at that time, a profession that every body embraces must before long become a bad one. 'Stained glass is mechanised to such a degree,' says Bernard de Pallissy, in his '*Memoirs*,' 'that it is sold and cried about in villages by the same people who hawk about old flags and old iron, so that they who make, and they who sell it, labor hard to get a livelihood. The profession of a glass maker is a noble one, but several are noblemen for exercising the said art, who would wish to be plebeians, and live more mechanically than the porters of Paris.'

In addition to the cause just mentioned, the establishment of religious reformation in a large part of Germany greatly contributed, likewise, to the decline of glass-staining. Monumental painting was abandoned, and the glass painters were solely occupied in decorating chateaux, common-halls, and private oratories, with armorials and emblems. Nevertheless, this art, which was so suddenly extinguished, beheld some celebrated artists arise at the beginning of the seventeenth century, among whom may be mentioned Jean de Paroy, the painter of the fine glass in the church of St. Mery, at Paris.

In the eighteenth century, the glass-painters were in very limited numbers. Nevertheless, the exercise of their art did not suffice for their livelihood, and most of them, in order to get their subsistence, were obliged to superadd to that profession those of glaziers, plumbers, and house-painters.

The last of the glass-painters of that period, Pierre Leveil died in 1774, after making useless efforts to revive the taste for the art which was the object of his predilection. He has published a very important work on glass staining, which all should consult who bestow their attention on the art.

During our revolutionary convulsions not only was painting on glass dropped, but most of our churches were devastated and transformed into barracks or hospitals, and the stained glass which ornamented them was destroyed or damaged in an irreparable manner.

If some monuments escaped that vandalism it was the oftener owing to chance or the address of some friends of the arts, who, being fortunately placed at the head of the local administrations, had the felicitous idea of applying them to the use of the Republic. Thus it was that an enlightened administrator preserved untouched the fine church of Brou by converting it into a hayloft; so that that delicate sculpture and magnificent stained glass which we can still admire were thereby saved from inevitable destruction.

It is deeply to be regretted that such enlightened men were not found in every part of France; we should not have so many losses to deplore. In those times of fearful recollection, the art of painting on glass was still cultivated in England and especially in Germany, but to a limited extent, and rather as an object of curiosity than as one of utility and monumental decoration. From that period to the Restoration, that art attracted so little attention that the notion generally spread of the processes and secrets from painting glass, as our forefathers of the middle ages did having been completely lost; even now persons in many respects well informed almost always exclaim when painting on glass is mentioned, 'Have, then, the processes of the ancients been discovered?' Yet, as early as the year 1811, M. Mortaleque, a chemist of Paris, proved that the secret of painting on glass was not lost, and at every exhibition of art he produced little pictures painted on white glass, which displayed all the colors used by the old glass makers.

Under the empire the question of restoring the stained glass of the Church of St. Denis was also agitated, but the project was not followed up, either because no artist capable of such an immense task was found, or because political events caused that design of the Emperor to be lost sight of. From that period, and especially under the Restoration, the works executed consisted merely in some compartments or mosaics in colored glass, such as those produced in the infancy of the art.

All men of taste then protested against such rude productions, and openly expressed their regret at beholding France, which, in so many of the branches of science and industry, holds the first rank in Europe, deprived of men capable of restoring her old churches, whilst England and Germany named with just pride their glass-painters, to whose talents M. de Chabrol, Prefect of the Seine, was obliged to have recourse for

the windows of the church of St. Elizabeth, at Paris.

This foreign importation determined the Government to establish at the Royal manufactory of Sevres, an *atelier* of painting on glass; at the same period the Count de Noe formed at Paris an establishment of the same description as those of London, and the manufactory of Choisy-le-Roy began to produce paintings on white glass, entirely stained and baked *a la moufle*.

The provinces shared in this revival of painting on glass. At Lille, Metz, and Clermont, skilful artists formed establishments, whence remarkable productions have already issued.—At Lyons, M. Brun Bastenaire is at the head of an establishment, which is destined to increase

to a prodigious extent; the works executed by that able young artist at St. Chamond, Lyons, Marseilles, and Nismes, bear witness to his laborious and minute inquiries, and prove to evidence that the glass painters of our days can vie with those of the sixteenth century.

In short, it will be seen by those who inquire, that the art of painting on glass has reached us without interruption, that it can be followed from age to age, that the most eminent artists of each period can be named, and that their processes may even be described. We refer the incredulous to the works of Neri de Haudiquet, Blancour, Leveil, Montane, and, lastly, to Courtin's Encyclopedie.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

The fame of Mr. Dunn's extensive Chinese museum is not confined to the land in which it has been opened—the United States. It is well known to all the world that the indefatigable American, after the termination of his successful toils in the field of commerce, the chosen theatre of which was the Celestial Empire, has come back to his native shores laden with the fruits of many years' diligent and patient acquisition, the results of incessant yet ungrudging expense. Mr. Dunn having conceived the laudable idea of forming a collection of all sorts of things characteristic of the extraordinary country and people to which he had repaired for mercantile purposes, a sort of hive was prepared for their reception, and being visited in the way of his business by numerous Chinamen who had the intelligence to appreciate, as well as the liberality and disposition to assist in the execution of his design, each of them placed himself, in one shape or another, under contribution. The interior of China is a sealed book. Even the city of Canton is impenetrable to strangers. Personally, therefore, Mr. Dunn could have access to nothing—inspect nothing. Neither the common workshops, the houses, the private apartments, nor the manufactories of the empire, or any portion of it, were visible to him, so that the whole of his valuable accumulations had to be effected through such tributary channels, as by cultivation, courteous treatment, and hospitality he was enabled to command. At his house were to be found on frequent occasions the most eminent merchants and officers of the Government, who were either permanently or temporarily resident at Canton, and through the intervention of these he procured in some instances as presents, in others by purchase, rare and costly articles, which, were not commonly within the reach of foreigners. One thing came in after another, and thus it was that the interesting collection, the *magnum opus*, was at length completed. Professor Silliman of Yale College, gives a brief account of the novel exhibition as it appears in its new locality, though of the three hundred cases out of which it is composed,

only a part have been unpacked. From this account we extract a few particulars. The 'entrance partition' of Chinese work forms a vestibule leading to the great saloon of 165 feet in length, by 70 feet in width and 24 in height, with a double colonnade. On the right and left are distributed the numerous cases containing specimens of 'all that is unique, curious or common, to be procured in the empire.' The screen is such as is in general use among the wealthy Chinese in partitioning off a very spacious saloon from the remainder of the great ground floor of their houses. It forms a beautification to the room. 'Hours, nay, days and weeks,' says Dr. Silliman, 'may be profitably employed in examining the details presented by this magnificent saloon, which brings the most populous nation of Asia at once before the spectator.' Accurate whole-length likenesses in clay, to the number of 70 or 80, which were modelled from living subjects by an experienced artist, include personages of various rank, from the mandarin to the *colie*; from ladies of distinction to the poor woman employed in sculling their boats on the river. Each represents 'a speaking countenance' in style of art perfectly new in this part of the world. The effect is to exhibit to the spectator the inhabitants of China as they really exist.

The remarks made by Dr. Silliman on the porcelain and earthenware manufacture of China are well worthy the attention of the potteries, and all connected with them.

'In this department,' he says, 'endeavors have been successfully made to procure the best specimens of all the most expensive manufactures of the country, embracing several very ancient and highly esteemed articles. Here are many hundred jars, vases, pipe stands, and various services used by the Chinese, differing materially from those exported. The specimens of ware cracked on the surface by age, are interesting and costly. There must be several thousand pieces of the china, including the thin egg-shell cup with its lettered inscriptions, octagon pipe-stands, three or four feet in height, in-

scribed land-marks, tile work, screens, &c., in very numerous patterns; affording us 'Barbarians' new ideas on the subject of their manufactures, and probably new patterns for our artists.'

Among agricultural and other implements is to be seen 'the very crude plough that is drawn by the buffalo, with his simple yoke and rope traces. The harrow, differing very materially from that of our country, is one of the accompaniments. There are forks, rakes, hoes, axes, shovels, spades of wood faced with iron for the sake of economy, &c.; a complete set of carpenter's and joiner's, or cabinet-maker's tools.—There is a native shoemaker's shop complete; a blacksmith's anvil, his curious bellows, &c., comprising the complete accoutrements of the travelling smith; the entire shop of the ambulatory barber, his clumsy short razor, cases, &c. The musical instruments of the Chinese also figure in full among the curiosities, and castings of iron of very great beauty, consisting of pots, kettles, and other cooking utensils of universal use, and which, unlike our own of the same metal, may be mended at pleasure as easily as our tin vessels.'

'The models of boats,' continues Dr. Silliman, 'form a striking feature of the scene; first, we have the gorgeous flower boat with its numerous decorations, various furnished apartments of comfort and luxury, and painted and adorned in the peculiar style of the Asiatics.—Of the canal boats there are three models of different sizes of such as are used in conveying the articles of their produce, tea, salt, grain, and manufactured articles, to and from the distant points of the extensive empire, and in loading and unloading foreign ships. There is the man-of-war boat. These tide-waiter's boats, or cutters, are always cruising about with the police officers, to keep order among the numerous residents on the water, and to enforce the revenue laws. The sampans are family boats, in which it is computed about 200,000 persons constantly reside on the waters before the city of Canton, and its suburbs; they are kept as clean as a milk-pail, and contain entire families, who are born and live to the end of their days on the river. This great city of boats presents a remarkable aspect; though them it would be difficult to navigate, were not it that the fleet is arranged in streets, and at night lighted up.

We greatly delight in summer houses, as who does not? Four models of these 'exhibit the peculiar taste of the Chinese; some are plain, and others very ornamental, with their scalloped roof, bells, gliding, painting, &c., and furnished with miniature chairs, tables, &c. models of real things, every part being complete for the luxuries of tea and the pipe. Tea is the universal beverage; this is sold at from eight cents the pound up to many dollars, and is an article on which some of their citizens expend a very large income. The working man carries it in his rude teapot to the fields, and drinks it cold to quench his thirst, while the more wealthy sip it on every occasion of ceremony, business or familiar intercourse.'

The pictures are very numerous; They occupy the greatest surface of the collection, and are the productions of the principal artists of the empire, not excepting those of Peking, the capital. There are 'large and interesting views of Macao, Bocca, Tigris, Whampoa, Canton, Honam, with its remarkable temples, &c. The portraits will astonish those who have seen only the paltry daubs usually brought as specimens of the art from China. There is one of the high priest of the Homan Temple, and there are others of distinguished men well known in Canton, worked with the minuteness of miniature painting. This department comprises also a variety of paintings on glass, an art much practised by the natives; pictures of all the boats peculiar to the country; of rooms—their domestic arrangements; of all the costumes of people of rank; the furniture, lanterns, and, in short, of every variety of Chinese life, from the most degraded class to the Emperor. The flowers embroidered on satin, &c., will attract the eye of the female visitors.'

Faced by a very superb alcove, brought from China, is a Chinese room.

'The above itself consists of wood deeply carved out of solid blocks, the carving represents figures of men, animals, birds, flowers, &c. The cutting penetrates through the whole of each piece, and forms a net work, the front being painted and gilt in the Asiatic taste, with the rich colors for which the nation is so celebrated.'

Of furniture, books, and natural history there appear to be numerous and valuable specimens. 'There are book-cases, chairs exhibiting great taste and refinement, stands inlaid with marble and precious wood, such as may be placed between every two chairs to hold the tea apparatus, or those little ornaments or flower-pots of which the Chinese are so fond. There is also a common table, such as is in universal use, and has been for centuries, which will be recognized by our present generation as a fac simile of the favorite eight legged table of our great grandfathers, now thrust by modern fashion into the kitchen or garret. It folds up as those do, and the legs are turned in rings; this, like a thousand things in the saloon, proves that our common usages have been derived from China, where we are accustomed to believe they are centuries behind us. The vases and seats of porcelain are particularly rich and unique.'

Mr. Dunn was enabled by 'industry, money, flattery, and kindness, to amass a great variety of birds, fishes, reptiles, shells, &c., and a few animals. Of these, all have arrived in good condition, with the exception of the insects. The butterflies, moths, &c., which when last seen in Canton were particularly rich and curious, have suffered most by the delay in unpacking, and by natural causes.'

The conchology is fully represented in many rich specimens, and one of the rarest birds, the mandarin duck, with its peculiar plumage, is new to most people. The China partridge, and many beautiful song birds, add variety and interest to the collection. The fishes were pro-

cured principally at the fishing stations at Malmaison, where Mr. Dunn had for several months an agent for the express purpose, nor is the museum wanting in drawings of plants and flowers, or in minerals. Of the miscellanies it is observed, 'The jos-houses, pagodas, articles of *virtu*, of ornament, of stone, of jade, of ivory, bamboo, wood, metal, rice, &c. are so numerous that we can only allude to them. A case of shoes in all their course of ornamental variety, exhibit the form of the compressed female feet, and the clumsy shape of those of the male; another of caps fresh from their makers, with the button of office, and the cheaper kinds for the poor; theatrical dresses, known to be those of the very ancient Chinese—spectacles, opium and other pipes, fans, the compass in great variety, models of fruits, coins, exquisite specimens of carving in ivory, metal, stone, and bamboo, very numerous and grotesque carvings from roots of trees, in which they exhibit a peculiar taste,

singular brushes, combs, beautiful vessels of odoriferous wood for their altars and temples, of which latter there are models; very numerous ornamental stands, carved with good taste; huge cameos in stone of great cost; fine specimens of their lacquered ware, as well as of their common ware; a silk embroidered saddle; a water-wheel worked like our modern treadmill; a fan for sifting tea, resembling our own; lanterns of every possible shape, size, and ornament, will be suspended from various points, with their rich and tasteful paintings; there is a model of their very singular coffin, which few would even guess was designed to contain the last relics of humanity.'

The only collection in Europe which may be at all compared to that of Mr. Dunn, is the museum of Japanese articles at the Hague. These are very beautiful, and are highly prized, as they deserve to be, by the Dutch.

THE SALE OF MALMAISON, The Home of Josephine.

Paris is in the month of June, green, gay, and delightful, and every one confesses to the Troubadour, who styled it 'France the fair' (*la belle France*). For myself, I have been a profuse patronizer of the flower-girls, expending a sou on every little street soubrette I have met. The button hole of my coat has diurnally smiled with a tuft of *blouet* or *immortelle*; I have walked the Boulevards with an inseparable nose-gay in my hand, and yesterday in the Palais Royal almost died of 'aromatic pain' from a Versailles rose. It was at this last-mentioned time and place that I proposed to myself a journey to-day, which may serve as a trifle of news. The occasion this. For some days past the streets here about town have been placarded with a huge auctioneer's bill of *annonciation*—a perfect broadside in its way—setting forth in type, such as runners might read, that the beautiful chateau and domains of Malmaison were *in statu venali*, or for sale. Though there was little likelihood that I should prove either bidder or purchaser, yet I felt that I must see it. It was a golden relic of the Napoleon glory, not less than a melancholy memento of its fallen fortunes—it was a spot full of sweet and delicious recollections of Josephine, charmer of all hearts—of the 'etoile de Napoleon,' as the gallant men of the Court were accustomed to style her—the brilliant star of Napoleon, fulgent, sweet-rosed, and divinely fair; the star that presided over his fortunes, and whom fortune forsook not till he forsook her star. It was the scene of 'high-feastings,' gorgeous balls, and costly entertainments, of all which the Duchess de Junot speaks long and lovingly in her pleasant book—it was where the 'King of Armies' had trod softly, having cast aside the iron spurs of war.

With this irresistible longing upon me, I determined for one day to leave the dandies of

Paris to their *jolies limonadières* in the Palais Royal Arcade, and to visit Malmaison before it should be knocked down, to the Lord knows who or whom, perhaps to some pestilent City broker, or villainous speculatist in brick and timber. As Malmaison lies but two leagues and a half from Paris, I soon accomplished the intervening space, and about half-past six in the cool of the evening, caught scent of Malmaison and its rose-bowers. On arriving, I at once gained admittance through my auctioneer's admittance note, which I had precautionally procured before starting, and, certainly with heavier heart than gay, entered the abode of Josephine and Napoleon.

Something has so strongly connected these two names together in my imagination, whenever I think of Malmaison, that I seem, in this instance, to have been subjected to some strange ocular deception, or rather mental hallucination. I could not for my life prevent fancying that over every door-lintel, on every furniture-cover, and garden-chair, the initial letters of Josephine and Napoleon, circled by a wreath of lily-flowers (*fleur de lys*) as you may have seen them drawn by artists, was visibly inscribed; and when I issued into the grounds, I fancied I still saw it on the trunk of every tree, and in the cup of every flower, as were these mystic letters of old on the leaves of Apollo's hyacinth.

Malmaison! Malmaison!—charming abode of her the beautiful, and him the brave! Tranquil at this hour, with groves and shades it seemed filled with that dim, sweet 'melancholies,' which Sydney loved—altogether forming a transcript of that delicious Arcadia, which his imagination painted. As I walked through the verdant alley which leads to the plain of Ruel, I recalled to memory all the touching incidents which I had treasured in my heart from Bourri-

enue and Junot; and inexpressible was the delight I took in these interesting recollections. 'No where,' says Bourrienne, 'except on the field of battle, did I ever see Buonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison. At the commencement of the Consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, sometimes Monday.'—Here it was, on those calm and holy Sabbaths, when his sword was scabbarded, and his soul at peace, that the 'crowned King of the nations,' with child-like simplicity, 'listened to the ringing of bells, which always produced in the mind of Bonaparte pleasurable emotions.' 'While we were at Malmaison,' says Bourrienne, 'and walking in the alley that leads to Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations, and he would stop lest the noise of our footsteps should drown a portion of the delightful sound. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of those bells, that his voice would falter as he said, 'Ah, that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I then was happy! When the bells ceased he would resume the course of his speculations, and carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.'

Josephine, who was the very type of elegance, in the graceful carriage of her person, and the exquisite arrangements of her draperies and robes, took an especial pride in robing herself in pure white, a mode of fashion which the Emperor delighted in beyond all others, and day and night her queenly and imperial form lent beauty to the bovery arcades around this spot. Bourrienne, on once entering this delicious retreat, meeting her with Madame de Remusat, inquired with respectful solicitation, but not with his usual familiarity, respecting the health of the Emperor. 'Ah! Bourrienne!' she replied, 'I entreat that you will suffer me at least here, to forget that I am an Empress.'

My dreamy remembrances would have con-

tinued much longer, but that the church at Ruel chimed a late hour, and warned me not to linger.

The shades of evening were now fast descending,—the fair lawns were silvering with the evening summer-mists, and a sort of shadowy, pearl-white veil was falling from the brow of twilight. As I again retraced my steps through the chateau, I almost poured out my soul in audible lamentations that the cedar-beams of its roofs, and the golden architraves of its chambers might soon share a worse fate under the hands of trading speculators, on whose craniums the bump of veneration was never developed, than if the old Iconoclasts, or primitive Goths and Vandals of the land, were let loose into its chambers for havoc and destruction. Poor Malmaison! the etymology of the name itself, methought, is perchance destined to be too true a presignifier of its future lot; its baptism in the first case (*mala domus*; mal maison), arising from the bivouac of the destroying Normans on this spot, during one of their incursions in the ninth century.

'Farewell! Malmaison.' These were the valedictory words of Napoleon himself on quitting, for the last time, this old familiar haunt, to be cooped like a caged eagle within the narrow bounds of St. Helena. How big and bursting is that short ejaculation; how eloquent of a broken heart and a crushed spirit! It is the 'Eheu unica' of the old Romans—a syllabic utterance that contains, in the briefest compass, a universe of pangs and heart-cutting regrets. I sighed as I repeated, and shuddered as I breathed on parting, 'Farewell! Malmaison!'

The price which at present is asked for this stately property is 300,000 francs. Bourrienne has left us the valuation of the Emperor himself upon this chateau. According to his estimate the erection of Malmaison into a residence would cost 8,000 francs, but to live in it would require an income of 30,000 francs.

London Times, July 2.

THE DYING SPANIEL.

BY DELTA.

Old Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert at beauty and vigor of yore;
How slow in thy atter the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!
Yet thy heart still is living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet dost rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!
At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory enurpled the air;
And the streamlet now'd down in its gold to the sea;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleam'd from the tree;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glow'd,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!
How then thou would'st gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild bird from thy sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild flower I threw from the land;
On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space
Thou would'st crouch on the greenward, and gaze in my face,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.
Then I was a school-boy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share.

Yes! thou bring'st to mind all the pleasures of youth,
When hope was the mistress, not hindmost of truth;
When Earth look'd as Eden, when Jove's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path sprang d with flowers.

Now Summer is waning; go, n temptest and rain
Sh. ll bring;—desolate Wintering in.
And Thou, all unable thy gripe to withstand,
Shalt die, when the snow-white garments the land;
Thou thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Thou all, who lov'd thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrim gone, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast;
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old land and rocks removed, when old mist is gone;
And the grander, when dying, shall marvel to see
White bones, where once blossom'd the old cherry-tree!

Fool things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our faulty some warning to show
How shifting the sands that we build on below!
Our fathers have pass'd, and have mix'd with the mould;
Year by year, year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one;

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

FLORIDA,

OR THE NYMPH OF THE WESTERN FOUNTAIN.—A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

Author of 'Atlantis,' 'The Kinsmen,' 'Yemassee,' 'Damsel of Darien,' &c., &c.

CANTO II.

I.

Glancing my vision o'er the world's affairs;
 Surveying this and that, of strange and common,
 Its double singles and divided pains,
 Its human brutes and brutes that might be human,
 All vexing life with sad and fruitless cares,
 Yet all made agents of that creature, Woman;—
 I've come to this conclusion that 'twere better,
 If we poor bachelors had never met her.

II.

Better we had not seen and could not fancy,
 So sad and strange conception;—could not want
 Her presence, nor beneath her necromancy,
 Feel the torn bosom and vex'd pulses pant;
 With dreams and hopes that not a step advance ye
 To health or happiness, but rather daunt,
 At each impassion'd move, the weary spirit,
 That sees the joy receding as we near it.

III.

Better in single blessedness, had Adam,
 Stout father—farmer, in his garden trod;
 Unvex'd by daily strife with Maid or Madam,
 And free to eat his fruit and meet his God:
 I'm sure his fate had not been half so sad;—am,
 Certain, he had not then been thrust abroad
 With breeches made of figleaves, quickly rended,
 More quickly than his wife could get them mended.

IV.

I know this doctrine is esteemed heretical,
 'Mongst your small Poets—great eyed lads who sing
 Of raptures unexperienced,—theoretical,
 Loves in the larder and perpetual spring:
 Theirs is a language utterly esthetical,
 Set phrases of their art to which they cling,
 Like some blind nag, sufficient in a mill,
 Who, sent abroad, must hunt his own tail still.

V.

Nor does it altar, that the 'Pleasures' Poet*
 Hath sweetly sworn, 'the garden was a wild;—'
 For this is bold conjecture;—could he know it
 Or prove, that Adam 'sigh'd till woman smiled;'
 One fact alone will amply serve to show it
 Was doubtful whether he could be beguiled,
 To yield a rib, to bring the loveliest spouse in,—
 And so 'twas taken from his side when drowsing.

VI.

Even from his weakness and abandonment,
 Had woman her first being. Thus hath grown

Her power of evil since;—still, discontent,
 Hath she explored his weakness, and o'erthrown;—
 And in the use of arts incontinent,
 No longer pacified by one poor bone,
 She grapples the whole man, brawn, beef and muscle,
 Helped by the same old snake, and flings him in the
 tussle.

VII.

Have you not seen her in the public way,
 Snare-setting?—In the ballroom, marked her eyes,
 Pursuing, like a very snake's her prey?—
 And vainly would he dodge them, and be wise!
 In flight alone is safety. Do you stray,
 Beside her when the moon is in the skies,
 Or, by the brooklet, or along the sea,
 Or in the garden, parlor, buttery?—

VIII.

In all of these is danger.—What with smiles,
 Songs, tender-glances, looks of gentlest fear,—
 All humbug!—she most certainly beguiles,—
 Takes you by eye or lip, by arm or ear;
 Leads you and binds you, soothes you and reviles,
 Plays, catlike, with your terrors, till the snare
 Is fastened, and she knows you cannot fly,
 Then the same traitress Eve, she stands before your eye.

IX.

She is the cause of all the ill world's evil,
 She kicks up all the dust, she makes the strife;
 She is at bottom of each deed uncivil,
 Mixes the bitter in the bowl of life,
 And keeping up her commerce with the d—l,
 Is still in some shape tempter, maid or wife;
 Still wooing, winning—with stolen apples cramming us,
 The game at last being finished by her d—ning us!

X.

Now, if the good Don Ponce, that worthy knight,
 Had never met this flippant Spanish Lady,
 Nor felt his spirit, 'neath the fatal light
 Of beauty,—that had only reach'd its heyday,—
 O'ersway'd, obscur'd and doom'd to cruel blight,—
 His age had glided on like some calm May-day,
 Its cold December storms subdued to showers
 Of April,—and its forehead dress'd with flowers.

XI.

He had, like other warriors of his time,
 Gone to his vineyard and suburban villa;
 Had pass'd his days in stupor most sublime,
 His nights, in deep allegiance to his pillow;
 Untroubled by the crown, the church bell's chime.
 Sleep, garlic, wine and oil, a constant fill o',

* Campbell: Pleasures of Hope

At worst a brief annoyance from the city.
Of ruralizing damsels, pert and pretty.

XII.

Or if these vex'd him, he had farther gone
To his more desolate castle, hid by trees;
Though, on a rock so high, the setting sun
Smiles on it as the last of earth he sees,
Lingering awhile in fondness there alone
For this same reason;—the devoted breeze
Thence making it his resting place from flight
And whistling lonely through its halls all night.

XIII.

There had he sat him down,—no eagle higher,
More free from man's intrusion; not a care,
With all that grandeur left him by his sire;
And but some ancient butler lingering there—
A housekeeper perchance,—perhaps a friar,
Some lean domestic with a frosty hair,
Looking like a creature of past world and season,
Making the winter put some ten degrees on.

XIV.

Perchance, in the long evenings of October,
Some old friend of his fighting days might come,
Fancy the liquor free,—the knights not sober,—
The wit all out and yet the men not dumb;
Each prating of his deeds, his *bona roba*,
His wit, grace, valor;—what a restless hum,
With cackling laughter, ringing through the mansion,
As old jokes founed revived expansion.

XV.

Thus cheerily, perhaps, our knight had pass'd,
Through the long years from ripeness to decay,
In that stout castle that defied the blast;
Cheer'd with his friend by night, his farm by day;
If o'er his fate that maiden had not cast
Her wicked spells, and held with wanton sway,
That made him all unfit,—and daily worse,—
For his own business, and perhaps for hers.

XVI.

I've said he raised the siege, but expectation,
Still found him some encouragement; and still,
Each hour brought something forth to soothe vexation,
And hope grew active in despite of ill;
Still love was glowing with anticipation,
And fancied smiles that sweeten'd former chill;
For months, alas! the good old warrior struggled,
And still the maiden smiled, and still she juggled.

XVII.

The case was hopeless;—that atrocious beard,
Sprinkled with inauspicious gray and white;
That sleek, smooth, bald spot on his head, still rear'd
Conspicuous in his own and neighbor's sight;—
Quirk's patent wig,—ah! had but that appear'd,
In season,—he had been in happier plight;—
This song had not been written then, and Ponce
Had proved himself most proper for the nonce.

XVIII.

Defeated but not desperate, though the beauty,
Most clearly mock'd him,—he, about this time,

Hearken'd a Gipsy's story, and her sooty,
Sly face, enc suraged him:—Her doggel rhyme,
Promised him loads of love, much more of booty,
After some small delay, some smaller crime;
And at this juncture an old Portuguese,
Who all his life had wander'd o'er the seas,

XIX.

Arrived at the knight's lodgings with a story
Of some strange fountain which in India lay.
Deep in a vale girt in by mountains hoary;
Whose virtues, baffling still the form's decay,
Renews the youth of man, and with the glory,
Of former freshness so restores his day,
That none might know the form which once had quaff'd
The immortality of that rich draught.

XX.

He knew the very spot where it was found;
That stout old sailors, swore that all he wanted
Were some strong ships, with men and bottoms sound,
Guns, swords and bullets, chiefs not quickly daunted,
By darts and yelling Indians;—and that ground,
So foreign, and that fountain so enchanted,
Were to be gather'd in the churches fold;—
'For his part, he must have his share in gold.'

XXI.

Ponce questioned closely:—plausible, the fellow,
Told a straight story, very smooth and clear,
Repeating it, the same,—though somewhat wellow
By too much commerce with the butler's cheer:
The knight's faith soon was yielded—he got well;—a
Happy fancy banished all his care;
And off he darted suddenly and soon,
'Revisiting the glimpses of his moon.'

XXII.

His sun I should have said, but that the gender,
Has its own simples in a lady's case;—
Had you but seen his visage, proud and tender,
New touch'd with hope, yet full of old disgrace;—
The very effort which he made to render,
His features wooing, led him to grimace;—
And then his accents, mix'd of pride and pleading,—
Ha! ha! the good old knight!—how thought he of
succeeding?

XXIII.

Rash to her presence rushed he, while he carried,
The strange, sweet story of that magic drought;—
'Dear Leonora, let us soon be married,
And when its golden waters once are quaff'd,
This grisly beard——'—The knight had better tarried
A little longer;—for the maiden laughed,
With unrestrained impulse as he went on,
Assuming all the things his soul was bent on.

XXIV.

'Really, I know not lady, whence your mirth,—
What see you here to laugh at? Do you doubt
Facts furnished by the truest man on earth,
Here written legibly and soon made out;
Attested by our alcaide, man of worth,
And spirit, good in substance, true and stout;

Whose blessed wife, an honor to the nation,
Brought him three children on the same occasion.

XXV.

'See here in black and white, the truth entire;
Here Dias Codro swears—the Portuguese—
That he can guide me, ere three months expire,
To a small Island in the Indian seas,
Call'd Bimini, or Isle of Youth's Desire,
Where, hidden deep, midst rocky heights and trees,
This sacred fountain springs, renown'd for giving
Youth to the old and beauty to the living.

XXVI.

'There's no mistake about it;—see each letter,
Writ in the plainest text;—observe the ink
Scarce dry upon the paper,—nothing better,
Of this kind, can be found in Spain, I think;
The scribe you know, the famous Gil Agretta,
I know him skilful even in his drink;—
He writes the sweet songs for Don Jorge Morisco,
And let's the glory,—not the gain,—for his go.

XXVII.

'It only needs that you should see the writing,—
Look Donne, Leonora,—use your eyes;—
If even truth was nigh alone's inditing
Then here methinks, the truth, most truly lies;
How smoothly turn'd these letters, soul-delighting,
What a sweep here, how tall these columns rise!
Ah! hapless Ponce,—he asked her to the survey,
But held the sheet, he knew not, topsy turvy!

XXVIII.

The maiden laugh'd more merrily than ever;
'You read it, good Don Ponce;' she slyly cried.
'What, take the precedence of a lady, never!—
No, dearest, I would have you satisfied;—'
Again the lady laugh'd; the knight was clever;
Prompt at evasion, though it touch'd his pride;
For on his cheek a deep red flush'd the brown—
But still he kept the paper upside down.

XXIX.

And spite of all her laughter, he proceeded:
'Be mine, dear Leonora. Let us seek,
That fountain then—its waters, haply needed,
By all, will bring back beauty to my cheek;
Life, strength and love, not ignorantly pleaded,
From Heaven, shall be our ministers, and speak
For each desire that gathers in each breast,
Ere yet it rises to our thoughts confess'd.

XXX.

'The youth that is perpetual, won from Heaven,
Shall bless us twain on Earth. The flow'rs shall bloom
Perennial, and all blessings shall be given,
Unqualified, untainted, free from doom;—
No treasure then can from our grasp be riven,
Life shall have no denial, earth no tomb;
Days dawn and set, and every day endear ye
To other days!—'Ah!' said the Maid,—'how weary!

XXXI.

'What, shall there be no quarrels—no commotion,

Will tempest sleep,—shall I not use my tongue;—
Will the storms cease to scare us on the ocean;
Shall we no more by sweetest woes be wrung;
No widowhood!—no children!—'What a notion,'
Replied Don Ponce.—'Why shall we not be young,
Forever loving, Leonora, and—'—'Sir,'
Exclaim'd the maiden,—'take for once my answer:

XXXII.

'This fountain, should you find it, is a treasure,
That richly must repay your toil and care;
When you have found it, it shall be my pleasure,—
Provided always, that it makes you fair,—
To be your wife, Sir, at your earliest leisure,
On one condition more, which you shall hear;—
Namely, that you shall bring across the ocean,
Some dozen bottles of this princely lotion.

XXXIII.

'They shall be bottled by your knightly hands, Sir,
That so there may be no deception done,
You shall, to have the bottles clean, command, Sir,
At least three days of washing for each one;
Fill'd, then,—cork'd, seal'd and labell'd, understand,

Sir,

And thenceforth sacred to my use alone;
You shall, in all your troubles, storms and strifes, Sir,
Watch these same bottles as you love your life, Sir.

XXXIV.

'These unto me deliver'd, and your youth,
Renew'd, as you avow it then will be;
Your love the same as now, soul full of truth,
No loss of member or of strength to see;
My promise, which I make to you in sooth,
Shall be fulfill'd, bear witness, Heaven, for me;
Provided, while you're seeking youth o'er seas, Sir,
There comes no lovelier youth a-seeking me, Sir.'

XXXV.

Were ever such hard terms? In great vexation,
That stout old knight most keenly did upbraid,
Vain were his clamors, vain expostulation,
To move that most unreasonable maid;
'If these,' she said, 'don't meet your approbation,
You're your own master,—no more need be said,'
And taking up her lute, she sung a ditty,
Quite popular at that time in the city.

LEONORA'S SONG.

I.

Old men young maids pursuing,
How little do they guess,
That every hour of wooing,
But makes their chances less;
The maid no longer spousy,
O'ercome with stories long,
To keep from feeling drowsy,
Must seek relief in song.
And so with tinkle, tinkle,
As falling rain to fire,
She soon contrives to sprinkle
The good old man's desire.
And so with tinkle, tinkle,

She soon contrives to sprinkle.

II.

He wears his net of gold,
In vain before her eyes;
The young men these behold,
And then the old man flies:
No long discourse hath love.
A look, a smile, a sigh,
Are each enough to prove
His right to victory.
For while the old one's purring
Dull speaking, dully heard,
The young one's stirring, spurring,
And he carries off his bird:—
Ah! then, the tinkle, tinkle,
Is the church bell from the spire,
To kindle, not to sprinkle,
The fond bosom with desire.
Ah! then, the tinkle, tinkle,
Is to kindle not to sprinkle.

XXXVI.

Fizz, fuzz, pop, bang!—The knight's rage was terrific,
Was ever knight so trifled with before?
Offence so rank, with insult so specific,
Reach'd to his very ribs and touch'd the core;
But, not unlike the sea misnamed Pacific,
The calm was quite as sudden as the roar;
His storm blew out, his wrath subsided soon,
The skies were quickly cleared, outshone both stars
and moon!

XXXVII.

In other words, he softened to civility,
After a brief explosion; made appeal
For a fresh trial, and with less ability
Urged the old arguments to sign and seal;
With quicken'd wit, and lover plausibility
Show'd how their marriage would ignite his zeal;
Strengthen his soul, make certain his endeavor,—
And other arguments both new and clever.

XXXVIII.

He made in truth one very strong suggestion,—
'These waters,' said he, 'never yet were found,
To do one half the help to one's digestion,
When bottled, and consumed in foreign ground';
He quoted facts and works beyond all question,
For this opinion,—works considered sound,—
Such as the Nassau Brunnens—written well, Sir,—
Advertisements from Saratoga!—Seltzer.

XXXIX.

These, wrought within her, hesitation brief;
Were soon dismiss'd; and, spite of plea and prayer,

The damsel, with a tone of pleasant grief,

Replied, in the old accents, cool and clear;
'Sorry she could not then afford relief;
Must first behold the change on beard and hair;
And then, if no one better graced, came seeking,
He might renew, on terms, his present speaking.'

XLI.

And he hath left the spot which gave him birth;—
Wept he at parting? Was there in his eye,
That dewy, dark antagonist of mirth,
That seeks for sympathy but no reply;
Or did he vainly dream that any earth,
Would yield him that his own could still deny,—
Could give him back those thousand memories,
That never die though all communion dies.

XLI.

He did not weep, though bitter was his plight,
But at the stern he sat, as, in the west,
In a full blaze of undiminish'd light,
The sun went down behind a billow's breast;
And gazing back, with fond and failing light,
For the faint shoreline, on the sky impress'd,
He made that sad discovery of the heart,—
The worst of all pains is the pain to part.

XLII.

And then his forehead sunk upon his hand,
While the rough sea boy in his roughest tone,
Bade him survey, for the last time, the land,
Too fondly loved, and yet too dearly known;
Now narrow'd to a stripe along the strand,
Like dusky thread above the faint light thrown;
And while he gazed, his heart fail'd, and his eye,
Shut, as to hide from all, his agony.

XLIII.

And thus he sat till midnight, when the chill,
Of the fresh morning wound about his frame;
And yet, though sick at heart, he linger'd still,
And found a grateful music in the scream,
Of one fond land bird that had used the will,
And wing too, of the wildest nought could tame;
It lingered near them, till the day had gone,
Then it flew off and he went on alone.

XLIV.

Yet while it scream'd above him and the seas,
Roused up their phantasies;—and along the sky,
Wheel'd forth the moon; and, gathering in the breeze,
Rose strange, sad sounds of wildest mystery,
That with the mood of wandering heart agrees;—
His feelings, moved by strong intensity,
Fell into words of verse, and with a tongue,
Made musical by sadness, thus he sung.

THE LATE LORD DURHAM.

FROM THE JULY OLD SPORTING MAGAZINE.

'Don't you know who I am?' was a phrase made use of by the late lamented Earl of Durham; but it was in the heyday of his youth, and before his heart had been sickened with the cares of public life, or his brow had been pressed by a glittering coronet; probably ambition had already taken up its position in his ardent breast; but, if I remember aright, it was previous to his having acquired for himself the notorious distinction of being 'the proudest man in England.'

It was during the month of September, nearly thirty years ago, that a sportsman, with his gun and a due accompaniment of dogs, was desecrated by an old-fashioned farmer in the midst of a field of unreaped wheat. This was in the county of Durham, where most of the wheat are raised upon cold and stiff clayey soils, so that as the soil is naturally backward, when the seasons too prove uncongenial, the farmers ought not to be blamed for not getting their corn cut and out of the way before September comes in, in order that the sportsman should not find himself inconvenienced when in the pursuit of game. It so happened in the year that I refer to, that when partridge-shooting came in, the corn crops were out—nay, scarcely any of it had been cut; hence there was abundance of covert for the birds in the fields of grain; and notwithstanding most of the gentleman who shot over the district of country more particularly alluded to had the good sense and the generous feeling that prompt us to do as we would wish to be done unto, there were exceptions, as there are to all general rules, and a striking instance of which I will proceed to relate.

There could be no manner of use in presenting the readers of *Maga* with the *bona fide* cognomen of the rustic farmer who was so prominent a character in the scene, since he is still in the land of the living, and as hale and hearty as but few men of fourscore find themselves; and therefore, without a shadow of disrespect, I will designate him as Scrubbins. Well, then, one day—in September, as I said before—honest Scrubbins, hearing several reports of a gun, with one hand grasping the other, and both placed behind him, and just upon the hole or opening that country tailors sometimes leave in the hinder part of the breeches waistband, he slowly took his way across two or three fields, with no very defined object in view, but just to see what was going forward; for, simple soul! he had not anticipated anything wrong, though he had heard the report of fire arms; as he knew it must be some gentleman sportsman embracing the rights and privileges that his birthright and a game-certificate gave him, and gentlemen, he had always understood, were the very last to depart from what he, Scrubbins, called 'the rule of right.'

But only conceive his surprise, when, having ascended a low ridge that had hid from his view the adjoining wheat-field, his eyes informed him, in spite of his desire that it should have been otherwise, that there was a sportsman and two or three dogs in the very midst of his field of wheat, not simply passing through it by way of a short cut, which would have been grievous enough, but actually ranging it to and fro as if it had been a field of turnips or potatoes; for the gunner, it appeared, had broken the covey, so that the birds had dropped in various parts of it, and lay so close that the dogs had to push them up with their noses. There was no mistaking it. Scrubbins would greatly have had any other individual to blame rather than he who stood revealed before him, for if the truth must be told, it was none other than his own landlord, he of whom he rented a very profitable farm in that part of the country. Rustic and illiterate as many farmers are (or rather, used to be) most of them have sense enough to keep an eye towards their own interest; and we shall see how Scrubbins acquitted himself in the peculiar difficulty he found himself in. Affecting not to recognise the person of the intruder (for his was a landlord that did not care to keep up any intimate correspondence between himself and his tenantry,) he called out to him as loud as his stentorian lungs would allow him—'What the d—l are you after? Don't you see that you and your infernal dogs are trampling down my wheat? If you don't take yourself off, I'll see if I can make you.' The sportsman stood aghast; he was perfectly aware that he was on his own territories, and never before, I presume, had he received such a point-blank broadside from any one whom he considered in the light of a dependant. Conscious probably that there might be something a little irregular in ranging the growing corn-fields, he seemed willing to enter into an explanation respecting the why and the wherefore he had departed from the usual custom; but Scrubbins well knew that such a proceeding would not serve his purpose; so, rather uncourteously, he informed the man 'as carried the fowling-piece,' (making use of his own words,) that he would hear nothing that he had got to say; and if he (Scrubbins) got over the hedge, and brought away a hedge stake with him, why he wouldn't be answerable for consequences. This rather provoked the ire of the doughty Squire, and thinking it would be as well to crush his opponent's audacity before it would proceed to greater lengths, he put the following question to the redoubtable Scrubbins—seeing that he had reached the hedge and had commenced the extraction of a stout stake—'Don't you know who I am?' Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory than Scrubbins' reply, for instead of desisting from his belligerent preparations, he answered, 'I neither know

nor care, but I know one thing, whosomever you be, you be no gentleman!"—"I am John George Lambton, of Lambton Hall," retorted the haughty owner of this lordly mansion, imagining that now he had 'capped the climax,' and put a stopper on Scrubbins' mouth for ever. But not so; he mistook his man, who indignantly retorted—"Nay, nay, now, I know better than that, and I like ye the war for trying to forge my landlord's name; for Mr. Lambton's every inch on him a gentleman, and ye, I dare say, are nought but some bit of a proud conceited 'torney clerk, or summut quite as bad.'

Any further altercation seemed clearly out of the question; it was evident to the sportsman that this boor did not recognize in him the person of his aristocratic landlord; and, moreover, it was cert in that of that landlord, said Scrubbins entertained a high opinion. Human nature

is hut human nature, Mr. Editor, wherever we find it; and who is there among the magnates of the land that do not find it agreeable, or at least are not willing to apply the flatteringunction to their souls, whether they may deserve it or not? But J. G. Lambton, Esq., was neither 'dolt' nor 'idiot,' notwithstanding the 'strong insinuation' in a speech of the late Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, for which the embryo Earl called him to account; he there fore shouldered his Manton, called off his dogs, and took the nearest cut which would enable him to quit, not only the standing corn, but the farm of honest Scrubbins; wondering, I presume (but, observe, this is apocryphal,) how in the world it was possible for any one, residing within the distance of four miles of Lambton Castle, not at once intuitively or otherwise to recognise its lordly owner.

EXTRACTS

From 'Reginald Wolfe,' or Memoirs of a Partizan Officer.—An unpublished Novel.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

* * * Estelle's head was averted, and owing to the music I could not hear her last remarks; but I believe they were in effect that 'one has no right to attribute a want of feeling to another only because he himself is utterly precluded from the exercise of it.' I gulphed down the sentiment in silence, mentally cursing the vile catgut whose scraping prevented my catching any qualifying phrase which might have made the dose less unpalatable; and, lingering until I could summon courage to meet my own thoughts in solitude, I strode home to my lonely chambers.

I have told you, Vincent, that I had loved Estelle in my youth; that, mid the excitements attending a career of arms, the dissipation of a camp, and my deep interest in the political struggle which then agitated the country, my attachment survived undiminished; but I have not, I could not, tell you how indissolubly each association with that woman's name was interwoven with my very heart-strings. And well was she worthy to be an object of homage to the proudest mind. I have seen eyes as bright, a fairer face, and a more graceful step; and yet,--think it not the prating of an old man, my friend,—the light of Heaven never shone upon a lovelier woman. I have watched that countenance in every mood, when coldly turned upon myself, or brightening up at the approach of another; I have seen those calm appealing eyes lit up with playfulness, or flash with indignation, and wondered at the fascination which hung upon her features in every change. It was from her portrait, laid in those colors of the heart which never fade, I copied that picture of a heroine you will find among my MSS., beginning—

'Oh why should feeble words the task essay
To paint the soul those radiant eyes betray,
To catch the varying charms,' &c.

Yet why do I try to impress upon you the captivations of Estelle? You, at least, Vincent, can imagine, that she must have been no common woman, thus to subdue not the least haughty spirit that moved in those stirring times! The army being disbanded, I was now, at best, a mere soldier of fortune, whose only resource was foreign service, in a distant land. My wounds, which had been neglected at the time they were incurred, had left a frightful scar, that told too plainly how little I was qualified to be the object of a woman's love. To that, 'tis true, I did not now aspire—but yet the mere wish to discover if there was a latent interest, however slight, in the bosom of the woman whom I had loved so faithfully. The desire to vindicate my own undying tenderness in her esteem—with no hope, no object in the result—was in me a stronger passion than was ever love when happiest in another. Need I tell you, then, how bitter were my reflections after such a conversation with Estelle? 'What to me,' I exclaimed,—'what to me are the proud guerdons of ambition? what to me the noble schemes and nobler efforts of wide extended usefulness? What to me the aspiring struggles of intellect in this glorious world's arena? I—I have no venture in the stirring game of life that is played around me. I have perilled my all in one stake, and the issue of the die is against me. I have squandered the patrimony of my youth, and health, and hope. I have 'sold my birth-right for lentiles; my heritage in the solid interests of life for the meagre nutriment of imagination. The vigor of my mind is sapped; the

energies of my soul are destroyed.—I float a useless weed upon the tide of time; yet cling to existence fondly as to the miserable infatuation that embitters it.

With what aversions did I not turn to my nightly task of writing to supply my immediate necessities. Yet even then, when I would have given worlds to have charged upon destruction at the head of my troop, I worked till midnight at my literary labor mechanically as he who has been long used to toil for his daily bread. Such is the force of mental discipline. I completed then twenty stanzas of the poem which you have in your possession, at that part beginning:—

Hours of deep anguish—years of hope deferred—
Of love, whose founts not e'en despair could seal,
Could but your silent voices once be heard,
The burning tale of passion they'd reveal,
Would teach the coldest bosom how to feel,

And ending with the stanza

No more! no more! oh! in my heart no more
Can quicken feelings oft so rudely crushed;
Still, though their freshness life can ne'er restore,
They'll swell within my heart until 'tis hushed
Like starting tears which spring, however often
brushed.

I have often told you what a resource the practice of scribbling verses was to me in those (the only) tedious hours I spent upon service, when shut up by a superior besieging force in our desolate blockhouse; but writing, as it was now the sole source of my slender means, had long since become the only medium through which I could vent my excited and pent up feelings. It was upon some similar passage between myself and Estelle on an occasion long previous, that I wrote some stanzas that your mother purloined from my portfolio, and set to music. The charm of her voice rendered them a favorite song of that day; but as you may never have met with them, I will comply with your flattering request of sending you some early trifles from my pen, by concluding this letter with the verses as copied from memory:

JACOB'S DREAM.

FROM A PICTURE BY ALLSTON—BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

I.

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And to fly from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air,
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening
prayer.

II.

He spread his eloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

I know I share thy smiles with many;
Yet still thy smiles are dear to me;
I know that I, far less than any,
Call out thy spirit's witchery;
But, yet, I cannot help when nigh thee
To seize upon each glance and tone,
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
And count them o'er where'er alone.
But why! oh, why, on all thus squander
The treasures one alone can prize—
Why let the looks at random wander,
Which beam from those deluding eyes
Those syren tones so lightly spoken,
Cause many a heart I know to thrill;
But mine, and only mine, till broken,
In every pulse must answer still.

'CHURCHYARD POETRY,' is the title of a collection of Epitaphs and Monodies, shortly to appear. From a specimen given of the latter, we take the following simple stanza:

'This shelle of stone within it keepeth
One who dyeth not but sleepeth;
And in her quiet slumber seemeth
As if of heaven alone she dreameth.
Her form yt was so fayre in seeminge,
Her eyne so holy in their beaminge,
So pure in heartie in everie feeling,
So high her mind in each revealing,
A band of angels thought that she
Was one of their bright companie;
And on some homeward errand driven,
Hurried her too away to heaven.'

The next example of the former is given in noticing the churchyards of Yorkshire, as from the marble sarcophagus of 'the Lady Eudora Vennowe:

'We miss thy cheering voice at morn,
With kindly welcome wont to greet
Each one that round the family board
Would smile again thy smile to meet;
And look upon thy vacant chair,
And grieve that thou no more art there,
We sorry through the weary day,
Thy long accustomed face to see;
While evening cheerless steals away,
Enhvened now no more by thee,
And hushed is every sound of mirth
Around our cold deserted hearth.'

III.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

IV.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command;
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom Angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WIDOW'S REPLY,

Oh, let me wear the sable dress,
The widow's coif and veil,
No orange wreath thy heart can bless,—
No lover's tender tale.

Then ask me not again to wed,
Another name to bear,
The one I borrowed from the dead
I evermore would wear.

I do not doubt your worth, your truth,
I do not doubt your love,
But I gave my heart to him in youth,
And he bore that heart above.

'Tis true that sorrow hath passed by,
Nor left to view a trace,—
She hath not dimm'd my hazle eye,
Nor channel'd o'er my face.

Dark o'er my path she loved to roam,
With her pale sister-care,—
Within my heart she made her home,
And left her foot-prints there.

'Tis true my home is lonely now,
Hushed is the voice of mirth,
Nor speaking eye, nor cheerful brow,
Meet round the glowing hearth.

But from the wall looks down a face,
That fondly seems to smile,
His features there I daily trace,
And deem him here the while.

Then leave me in my loneliness,
Nor ask my fate to share,
The past alone my hours can bless—
I love to linger there.

Go seek a bride whose heart is free,
Nor longer woo in vain,—
For she who once hath loved like me
Will never love again.

Then ask me not again to wed,
Another name to bear—
For that I borrowed from the dead,
I evermore would wear.

SONG.

FROM S. LOVER'S NEW COMIC OPERA, 'IL PADDY WHACK IN ITALIA.'

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you?
The stars above me brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do.
The flowers, late, were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you;
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping.
With their rosy faces wash'd—with dew.
Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave, &c.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear;
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear;
And, may be, you were made for mine!
The wicked watch dog here is snarling,
He takes me for a thief, you see,
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
And then transported I should be!
Oh, Molly Brown, why leave, &c.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for July.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF GEN. HARRISON.

Thy foes, O Liberty! are hale and strong;
And raise, exultingly, their forts and fanes,
Wherein to shelter their great idol, Wrong,
Who looks through loop-holes and religious panes
Upon a prostrate world. Alas! thy friends
Have often failed to read thy truths aright;
And grieved thee by mistaking means for ends.
Till tyranny has pointed to thy light

And said: 'Tis but a vapor that ascends,
Out of the swarms of life, to mock its night.'
I hoped that one had risen up, of late,
To teach the monarch and his mitred slave
How pure a thing it is they fear and hate:
But he who promised this reposes in the grave.

L. D.